

# The Musical World.

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## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

### THE SCHROEDER FAMILY.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—Many reflections having been made upon my conduct for the part I have taken, and also upon the motives from which I have acted, in endeavouring to place the orphan children of the late Louis Schroeder in a way to help themselves, I am compelled to publish a statement of what has really taken place and of the position of the family, in the hope of setting myself right in the opinion of those whom I am bound to respect and value. Trusting that I may find a place in your valuable paper,

I am, Sir, yours most respectfully,

May 1855.

H. HILL.

In 1828, Louis Schroeder, a trombone player of most surpassing merit, was brought to this country from Germany by the then reigning monarch, his Majesty George the Fourth, and placed in his private band—at that time a rare assemblage of talent. He remained in the royal service under the succeeding monarchs, dying in that of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen Victoria, July 1854, after twenty-six years of faithful service, in great poverty and distress, overwhelmed with debts, leaving five orphan children to deplore his loss, with no hope or resource but the benevolence of friends or the parish workhouse. To two of them this fate seemed imminent. The eldest son had been educated as a musician in the Royal Academy of Music, the expense of which was jointly defrayed by His Royal Highness the Prince Albert and the Master of the Private Band—His Royal Highness paying £20, and the Master of the Private Band paying £10, making, together, the required amount, £30 per annum. The Master of the Private Band has, on many occasions, during the father's life time and since, claimed repayment of the money advanced on his part for the son, viz., £30 or £40, although an impression always prevailed that the boy was indebted to His Royal Highness Prince Albert, and to him alone, for his musical education. The two youngest children were provided for by the Royal Society of Musicians, the father being a member; the second and third, a son and a daughter, having no claim, were entirely without resources; a subscription was made, but the Royal Society of Musicians, with the purest generosity, granted them £1 11s. 6d. per month each for their support until means could be devised or found for putting them in a way to help themselves, thus saving them from being cast on the streets, and rescuing them from pain and misery. At the time of the father's death, there was owing to him twenty-five days of a quarter's wages, at the rate of £130 per annum—super-money for some months, amounting in all to ten or eleven pounds, and a sum of £12 12s. was afterwards paid into the hands of the Master of the Private Band by the Honourable the Colonel C. B. Phipps at the end of the September quarter, it having been charged in the accounts as funeral expenses, although the Royal Society of Musicians had paid every charge connected with the funeral in August, immediately after application had been made by the son to the Society for the amount usually granted in such cases. This money, the £12 12s., etc., has remained in the hands of the Master of the Private Band until a few days ago, when he suddenly discovered that the children might have a moral title, if not a legal one, to the money; he has paid to the eldest son the sum of ten guineas as for funeral expenses—the rest remains to be paid. During the severity of the winter, the children, from the scantiness of their wardrobe, required assistance in the shape of clothes, shoes, etc., their large claims to a charitable sympathy was pressed from time to time on the notice of the Master of the Private Band without effect, his reply to such appeals being: "The money ought to be paid to the creditors; the family owes me £40; the children are minors, and have no legal claim." When urged to return the money to the Honourable C. B. Phipps, state

simply the circumstances of the children, and ask permission to apply some portion of it to their relief and benefit, he replied: "I cannot do that."—"I must speak to my lawyer." It needs few expressions to say with how much pain and reprobation such an opinion, and such a resolution was received by those to whom it was uttered, and who had been doing everything, in their limited power, to alleviate the privations of the children. The eldest son's position was a very painful one; not having been able to obtain a situation in any orchestra, and living on the kindness of a Member of the Private Band, he was induced to take part in the performances of the Private Band, as second violoncello and harp. For his expenses, three shillings and sixpence per day was allowed him to pay his board, washing, lodging, etc. This pittance was only paid in part, at the end of ten weeks—£5 on account—the remainder was paid when he left, at Christmas—the boy being indebted to Mr. Egerton, whose kindness he had previously enjoyed, for the means of living until the money came to hand. The situation of the lad was much deplored by many members of the Private Band, and others did what they could to place him in a better position, in which they ultimately succeeded. He had no instrument of his own to play upon, and was not likely to have it in his power to purchase one. I obtained for him a violoncello, for which I paid ten guineas, and he agreed to pay me a few shillings at a time, as he could spare them, from his earnings. He is now engaged at the Princess's Theatre, and in a fair way for progress. The second son, every hope of getting him articulated to a wood engraver having failed, from the large premiums demanded, becoming impatient of a life of idleness, resolved to be a sailor. He was apprenticed, in March last, to a merchant owner of Northumberland, and is now at sea. The apprentice fees, and cost of the outfit, was paid by the Royal Society of Musicians, except some extras, which I paid myself, amounting, in the whole, to nearly £30. The eldest daughter, after many failures, has, within the last week, obtained a situation as nursemaid in a gentleman's family, and every hope is entertained that she will do well. She has been furnished with the required funds, enabling her to set out in her new career with something like comfort and satisfaction. The Master of the Private Band has held the money before-named, until now, and doggedly refused to give one farthing to the children, in any way, until it was almost too late for any valuable purpose. These facts speak for themselves, and require no comment, simply placing the matter, it is hoped, in its proper light, and enabling every one to judge for themselves. The Master of the Private Band having held himself quite aloof from the affairs of these children, except as to the money matters, and those who have taken an active part having been exposed to much adverse criticism and reproach, I trust that this simple statement will satisfy every one that I have acted throughout with the best intentions, and have done the most in my power to forward the children's welfare, notwithstanding the many difficulties that have fallen in the way, and I can only regret that my efforts have not been more successful.

P.S.—Since the above was written, "the day of good deeds has dawned." The money to be divided amongst the children, on account of the father's services, proves to be £30 and upwards, including a donation from Her Majesty's privy purse. Fourteen pounds in the whole has been paid to the eldest son; the remaining sixteen pounds odd shillings will be paid when the required guarantee is signed and completed, releasing from all chance of future claims the Master of the Private Band.

H. HILL.

## PRINCIPAL AND DEPUTY.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—Your readers will learn with much pleasure that my letter upon affairs relating to the Philharmonic Society (including the treatment of Mr. Simmons, who has been for three consecutive seasons

engaged as a deputy) has not been without result. On the contrary it has already had a most salutary effect. On Saturday last the "Principal," who was naturally ireful that the terms he paid his deputy should have been commented upon in the columns of a public journal, somewhat indignantly intimated to Mr. Simmons that his services would no longer be required, thereby inflicting a crushing blow on the ambitious views so modestly expressed by Simmons, in the letter which appeared in the last number of the *Musical World*. On Monday, however, the "Principal" had changed his mind. Better counsel had been breathed into his ear. Possibly he deemed it prudent to temporise. So, accosting Mr. Simmons in his blandest manner (*sotto voce*), and reminding him of the "kind friend he (the 'Principal') had ever been to him," etc., informed him that he might continue to perform at the concerts until the end of the present series, magnanimously adding that he should receive twelve out of the sixteen guineas, instead of four, as in former seasons! I am not aware of the effect produced by this upon poor Simmons, but he doubtless felt elated; and I am sure your readers will appreciate this act of liberality on the part of the "Principal." Permit me to offer one or two observations upon a change of policy so wholesome in itself, so deeply interesting to the profession (more particularly to the "Forty"), and which is, I think, entirely owing to the publicity afforded through the medium of the *Musical World*.

The "Principal" alluded to is, at least so I am told, the recognised "Atlas" of the Philharmonic Society, the whole weight of whose business he carries on his unaided shoulders—gratis. It cannot, therefore, for a moment be supposed that he stood in fear of any steps likely to be adopted by the "Forty" at their next general meeting, or that he had been induced to believe that his proceedings with Mr. Simmons could be shewn to be against the interest of himself or the society. I am consequently led to conclude that the comedy has not yet fully developed itself. Probably at the next concert, Mr. Simmons will be astounded by the information that he is to be paid the balance of twelve guineas for the season 1854, and that the "starch will be taken out of him" at the final concert, by the announcement that he is to receive the like amount for the first season of his engagement. I am curious, and perhaps a little given to speculation; but I venture to guess it will either be as I have surmised, or something else equally advantageous to the modest and unassuming Simmons, whose newly declared Latinity ("*volens volens*") has put eight guineas in his pocket.

Apologising for the length of this, and ascribing to you all merit for the good that has been effected through the well-timed observations that have appeared, I am,

May 31st.

AN ASSOCIATE  
(Only once black-balled).

MR. J. F. GOODBAN.

To the Editor of the *Musical World*.

Royal Academy of Music, 25th May.

DEAR SIR,—Will you kindly allow the following mistake to be corrected in the *Musical World*—that J. F. Goodban (student of the above Institution) is not a pupil of Mr. W. Sterndale Bennett, but of Mr. Robert Barnett; and you will much oblige, your's respectfully,

JAS. FRED. GOODBAN.

(If "that Mr. Goodban is not a pupil of Mr. Bennett, but of Mr. Barnett," be a mistake, then we presume he is a pupil of Mr. Bennett.—ED. M. W.)

#### THE LONDON ORCHESTRA.

To the Editor of the *Musical World*.

SIR,—Being struck by the fantastically funny hypothesis contained in your leading article of last Saturday, as to whether "The London Orchestra" was thrown into a state of collapse, through its unwisely venturing to admit into the programme of its first concert a pianoforte trio by a composer whose name begins and ends with the same letters as that of the curiously dogmatical correspondent of your New York contemporary; and finding that the *Wapping Commercial Gazette*—which I believe derives its valuable inspirations from the same impartial source—had fallen into a similar error, I have, out of mere curiosity, taken the trouble to collect the dates of the concerts at which the London Orchestra was engaged for its first season after its inaugurative concert on January 19th at the Hanover-square Rooms.

They are the following:—At Birmingham, the Festival Choral Society's concert, February 3rd; at Dublin, the Great Exhibition, March 13th, 14th, 15th, and 16th, morning and evening; at the Lyceum Theatre, in Passion Week, April 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, and 15th; at Mr. Aguilar's Concert, May 11th; Mr. Kiallmark's Concert, May 29th; Signor Regondi's Concert, June 22nd.

This surely proves that the ever-sparking and effervescent imagination of the *Drei Sterner* has played him false, and made him appear, in its infinite flights, a little forgetful, and, perhaps, somewhat inconsistent, or he would hardly, after having recorded the demise of the London Orchestra, venture to suggest the fact of its never having existed, in the following seven cruel words:—"Some people believe that it was still-born."

But, sir, I am told the members of the London Orchestra are not so unmindful, nor ungrateful, for what they owe to the learned "Plauderein," and steadfastly believe the contrary to your otherwise fantastically-funny hypothesis; for they are entirely of opinion, that it was solely to his timely ushomoeopathic dose (although administered on the *similia similibus curantur* principle) in the shape of an abortive attempt at a classical pianoforte trio, that the *stillborn* society owed its recovery and enjoyment of life, and only waits the advent of another such sickly-born institution to propose to it the only truly reliable specific, namely—another classical rhapsody from the same prolific goose-quill.

I trust, sir, you will find a corner in your estimable journal for my lengthy communication, which has been penned, I do assure you, purely out of regard for truthful investigation; and, moreover, because I think the announcement of the dissolution of the society contained in your contemporaries of New York and Wapping, maliciously calculated to damage its interests by probably depriving it of lucrative engagements for either of these places. And, with apologies for troubling you,

I am, sir, one who to the \*.\* would gladly prove a

May 30th, 1855.

TOTAL ECLIPSE.

P.S. I am a member of the London Orchestra, and enclose my card.

#### WHOSE IS THE BALLET OF EVA?

To the Editor of the *Musical World*.

SIR—If, in answer to your repeated question, "Whose is the ballet of *Eva*?" I was to follow the example of Mr. A. Harris, and to answer by questions of personalities and of morality, "*J'aurais beau jeu*," as we say in France; but leaving to him all the responsibility of his gentlemanly conduct, and acknowledging that he is more clever than I am in abuse, I will satisfy myself with quoting his own words. I will not even try to translate, so as to leave to his words all their value:—

"A. M. Pelez de Cordova.

"Je n'ai jamais refusé de reconnaître que vous étiez mon collaborateur dans le ballet d'*Eva*, et que l'idée de la morte était entièrement de vous; mais je ne suis pas tout-à-fait de votre avis, que le ballet original tel que je vous l'ai soumis était (comme vous le dites) une œuvre impossible, dont vous avez pu faire quelque chose.

"M. Gye aussi sait très-bien que vous m'avez beaucoup aidé dans le ballet, parcequ'il a vu tous vos brouillons. M. Desplaces le sait! Monsieur Panizza le sait!! Mad. Cerito le sait!!! etc., etc., le sait!!!!

"A. HARRIS."

"A. M. Pelez de Cordova, à Londres.

"Votre ballet d'*Eva* ne se donnera pas beaucoup. Quant à Paris, j'écris aujourd'hui même, afin d'y faire suspendre toute négociation tendante à faire danser ce ballet à Paris, dans lequel but de vous être utile . . . . . parceque mon intention était de vous donner toute la gloire et tout le profit de ce ballet en France, etc.

"A. HARRIS."

"A. M. Pelez de Cordova, à Londres.

"Vous me dites que je vous ai manqué de procédés; cela n'est pas, parceque j'ai trop d'estime pour vous pour le faire. Je vous répète, que pour vous faire entrer le jour de la première représentation (soirée de l'Empereur), c'était hors de mon pouvoir. Quant à mon nom sur l'affiche, cela s'est fait pendant mon voyage à Paris—laquelle absence est aussi la cause de mon silence à votre dernière lettre, etc.

"A. HARRIS."

Now, Mr. Editor, I think I have no more to add to these proofs, and that every one will be able to answer your question, "Whose is the ballet of *Eva*?" Let Mr. A. Harris say what he will now, but I declare that I will not trouble the public any more about this quarrel. Only let him be aware that I expect he will be polite, or else I should be obliged to ask him the only reparation the laws of this country allow to a man insulted in such a libel as his last letter. In inserting this last letter of mine in the columns of your paper, you will do justice to your obedient servant,

L. A. PELEZ DE CORDOVA.

## RICHARD WAGNER AND THE PHILHARMONIC.

(From the *Athenaeum*.)

HERE WAGNER makes no way with his public as a conductor. The *Sinfonia* of Mozart went worse than we ever heard it go. The violins were rarely together; the wind instruments were hardly able to hold out in the middle movement, with such caricatured slowness was that *andante con moto* taken,—and the *finale* was degraded into a confused romp by a speed as excessive. That Chopin's *Concerto*, a work which is as delicate as it is difficult, pleased as it did, was owing to the exquisite playing of M. Hallé, who carried it through—supporting, not receiving support from, the orchestra. A finer display of execution and taste has rarely been heard. Neither did Herr Wagner condescend to assist Mdlle. Ney in her *bravura*; which, if well accompanied, might have produced a great effect, in spite of its *rococo* forms, thanks to her lovely voice and brilliant execution. It is fair to give currency to the plea which, we are told, is put forth—to the import that Herr Wagner protested, when making his engagements, against taking charge of the vocal and of *sole* music, on the score of admitted incapacity. But how ill does such want of power assert with the consummate musical knowledge assumed by the pretension of conducting certain favourite works by heart! There can be nothing in either *concerto* or *bravura* to tax the quickness or resource of a conductor in comparison with the difficulties, violence, and incoherences of "the music of the future." Due pains had been bestowed by Herr Wagner on his own overture—but the pains had been bestowed in vain, for never did new work making such a noise, and concerning which so much noise has been made, fall more dead on the ears of a callous and contemptuous public.

Though we have already spoken of this long-winded prelude in general terms, we must be permitted a few more minute remarks on a composition for which such high honours have been claimed. Our impression is, that the overture to *Tannhäuser* is one of the most curious pieces of patchwork ever passed off by self-delusion for a complete and significant creation. The first sixteen bars of the *andante maestoso* announce the solitary strain of real melody existing in the whole opera. This is the Pilgrim's chant, and is the half of a good tune in *triple tempo*,—which, however, seems to us no more ecclesiastic in style than the *notturno* in Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream*. The second part of the air is made up of those yawning chromatic progressions which seem Herr Wagner's only bridge from point to point. After it has been given once, comes the whole over again simply repeated with embroideries. In the *allegro* a rude imitation of Mendelssohn's fairy music may be detected, both at the opening of the movement and in the phrases from bars 8 to 12. To these succeeds a scramble, not leading into, so much as broken off by, the second subject. This is a hackneyed eight-bar phrase, the commonplace of which is not disguised by an accidental sharp and the omission of an interval. As the *allegro* proceeds, one or other of the above "notions" is repeated with small attempt at working out:—and the ear is thoroughly weary ere the point is reached where a busy figure for the violins, identical with one used in Cherubini's overture to *Lodoiska*, dresses up the theme of the Pilgrim *andante*, which for the third time is presented in its integrity, with slight modifications of rhythm, none of harmony, and no *ooda* by way of final climax or close. When it is stripped and sifted, Herr Wagner's creation may be likened, not to any real figure with its bone and muscle, but to a compound of one shapely feature with several tasteless fragments, smeared over with cement, but so flimsily that the paucity of good material is proved by the most superficial examination. Of Herr Wagner's instrumentation as ill-balanced, ineffective, thin, and noisy, we have elsewhere recorded our judgment. Yet, this overture is almost the sole coherent instrumental work from his hand which he could produce in substantiation of his claim to be considered the composer of the future. In London, we repeat, he fails to make any converts; either as a conductor or composer.

Ere we take leave of the subject, we should state that the loss to the Philharmonic treasury this season is, already, understood to be very heavy. Some argument of the kind was imperatively required. There must be a root-and-branch reform of the whole society, with its laws and its institutes. It will not do to have directors who, because they are directors, engage themselves as players in their own orchestra. The evasions and indirect influences—the right of incompetence to shuffle away obvious responsibilities, or to assume despotic power when some measure of folly or injustice is to be carried—the wholesale favouritism and wholesale antipathies with which the proceedings of the directors are chargeable, must come to an end, and speedily:—or the Philharmonic Society will cease to exist.

## OPERA AND DRAMA.

PART I.

## OPERA AND THE CONSTITUTION OF MUSIC.

BY RICHARD WAGNER.

(Continued from page 324.)

CHAPTER I.

EVERYTHING lives and exists through the inward necessity of its being—through the exigencies of its nature. It was an inherent quality of the nature of music to develop itself to a capability of the most varied and decided expression, which it would never have reached—although the necessity for doing so was a part of itself—had it not been forced into such a position, as regards poetry, as to be under the necessity of endeavouring to satisfy demands upon its utmost powers, even when these demands could not but tend to what was an impossibility for it.

An entity can only be expressed in its form: music owes its forms to the dance and song. To the mere word-poet, desirous of availing himself of music for the purpose of heightening the means of expression at his command for the drama, music appeared only in the restricted form of dance and song, in which it was impossible for it to display to him the fullness of expression of which it was really capable. Had music always remained in the same relative position with regard to the word-poet, which the latter now assumes towards it in opera, it would only have been employed by him in its most restricted capability, and never have attained the power of becoming such a complete organ of expression as it is at the present day. It must, therefore, have been reserved for music to suppose itself capable of possibilities, which, in reality, were destined to remain impossibilities for it; it necessarily fell into the error of wishing, as a pure organ of expression in itself, clearly to fix what was to be expressed; it necessarily engaged in the arrogant undertaking of wishing to make arrangements and express intentions in cases where it should really assume a position subordinate to an intention not to be understood from its own constitution, and in which subordinate position it cannot have more than a simply auxiliary share in the realization of the said intention.

Now the constitution of music has developed itself in two directions in the branch of art fixed by it, and known as opera: in a *serious* direction—through all those composers who felt the weight of the responsibility which fell to music, when it assumed for itself alone the aim of the drama—and in a *frivolous* direction, through all those musicians, who, impelled by the instinct of the impossibility of solving an unnatural problem, turned their backs upon it, and, thinking only of enjoying the advantages that opera had gained from uncommonly extended publicity, gave themselves up to an unmixed system of musical experimentalism. It is necessary for us, in the first place, to contemplate more nearly the former, or *serious*, side of the question.

The musical foundation of opera was, as we know, nothing more than the *air*, while the latter, again, was the national song introduced by the singer to the aristocratic world, with the words left out and supplied by the production of the poetical artist engaged for the purpose. The development of the national melody into the operatic *air* was, next, the work of the vocal artist, no longer interested in the rendering of the melody, but in the exhibition of his artistic skill; he determined the resting points necessary for himself; the change from the more lively to the more moderate expressions of song, and the passages where, free from all rhythmical and melodic constraint, he could, to his heart's content, display his skill alone. The composer merely arranged the materials for the virtuosity of the singer, and the poet, again, did the same for the composer.

The natural relations between the factors of the drama were not yet fundamentally suspended; they were only distorted, inasmuch as the performer, the most necessary condition for the possibility of the drama, was only the representative of an espe-



cial degree of skill in a certain respect (absolute vocal skill), but not of all the general capabilities of the artistic individual. It was, also, only this distortion, in the character of the performer, which called forth the actual distortion in the relations of the above factors, namely, in placing the musician absolutely before the poet. Had the singer been a real, complete, and perfect dramatic performer, the composer must have fallen into his proper position with regard to the poet, inasmuch as it was the latter who, decidedly, and as a standard by which everything else was determined, would have enounced the dramatic intention, and arranged its realization. The poet standing next the singer, however, was the composer—the composer, who simply assisted the singer in attaining his end, which, freed from all dramatic and even all poetical connection, was, really and truly, nothing more than to display his specific skill in the vocal art to the best advantage.

We must firmly impress upon our minds these original relations of the artistic factors of the opera to each other, that we may, in what follows, perceive how these distorted relations became more and more confused from all the efforts to set them right.

From the luxurious craving of noble lords after variety in their amusements, the ballet was added to the dramatic cantata. The dances and the dance-melodies, as arbitrarily taken from the national dance-tunes as the operatic air was from the national song, allied itself, with the coy inability of coalition inherent to everything unnatural, to the influence of the singer; while, by this heaping-up of elements totally destitute of anything like inward connection, there naturally arose for the poet the task of binding together in a combination, brought about anyhow, the display of all the artistic capabilities spread out before him. A connecting dramatic medium, which became more and more evidently necessary, now joined, with the help of the poet, that which in itself really required no such connecting medium, so that the aim of the drama—impelled by outward necessity—was simply *given*, but by no means *taken up*. Vocal and dance melodies stood, in the coldest and most complete solitude, near each other, for the display of the singer's or dancer's skill, while it was only in what should, at a pinch, connect them, in the musically recited dialogue, that the poet exercised his subordinate influence, and that the drama was at all apparent.

Nor did recitative arise in opera, as a new invention, from a real impulse towards the drama; long before this speaking style of song had been introduced into opera, the Christian Church had employed it for the recitation of Biblical passages. The cadence which, in these recitations, soon became, in obedience to the precepts of the ritual, stationary, and common-place; only apparently, not really, any longer speaking, and rather indifferently melodic than expressively conversational, was next transferred, but also modelled and varied by musical caprice, to opera, so that, with the air, dance-melody, and recitative, the whole apparatus of the musical drama—absolutely, as regards its constitution, unchanged down to the most recent opera—was definitely fixed. The substance, too, of the dramatic plots serving as a foundation for this apparatus, soon became stereotyped; mostly taken from the totally misunderstood Greek mythology and hero-world, they formed a theatrical scaffolding, deficient in all capability of exciting warmth and sympathy, but which, on the other hand, possessed the faculty of presenting itself for the use of every composer, to be treated according to his peculiar views, and thus we find that the majority of these texts have been set to music again and again by the most dissimilar musicians.

Gluck's revolution, which became so celebrated, and which has been waited for the ears of many ignorant persons as a complete distortion of the views commonly taken until then of the constitution of opera, really consisted in the mere fact of the composer's revolting against the caprice of the singer. The composer, who, after the singer, had especially attracted the attention of the public, since it was *he* who always provided the singer with fresh materials for the display of his skill, felt himself injured by the singer's influence in exactly the same proportion that he was desirous of fashioning the said materials after his own creative phantasy, so that *his* work, and perhaps *only* his work should, at last, strike the hearer. Two roads

were open to the ambitious composer, for the attainment of his end; either to develop the purely sensual substance of the air, with the assistance of all the musical means at his command, as well as of all those to be afterwards found, to the highest and most voluptuous fullness; or—and this is the more earnest way, which we have now to pursue—to restrict all caprice in the execution of the air, by an endeavour on the part of the composer to impart to the tune to be executed an expression suitable to the accompanying verbal text. If such texts were, in conformity with their nature, to have the value of the feeling conversation of acting personages, feeling singers and composers must long previously have thought of stamping their virtuosity with the necessary degree of warmth, and Gluck was assuredly not the first composer who wrote passionate airs, nor were his singers the first to sing such airs with expression. But that which makes him the starting point for what is, decidedly, a most complete change in the previous position of the artistic factors of opera to each other, is: that he enounced with *consciousness*, and on *principle*, the appropriate necessity of having both in air and recitative an expression in keeping with the accompanying text. From this period, the preponderating influence in the arrangement of the opera passes, most certainly, to the composer: the singer becomes the organ of the composer's intention, and this intention is, with full consciousness, enounced, in order that the dramatic substance of the accompanying text may be satisfied by being truly expressed. The only thing, in fact, attacked, was the unbecoming and heartless desire of the singer to please; but, in all other respects, everything relating to the completely unnatural organisation of opera remained exactly as before. Air, recitative, and dance-music, each completely separate, stand as causelessly by each other in Gluck's operas, as was previously the case, and is so, almost always, even at the present day.

In the position of the poet towards the composer, not the slightest change was made; the position of the latter towards him had in fact become rather more dictatorial than before, since, after enouncing the consciousness of his more elevated task—with regard to the vocalist—he carried out, with more maturely weighed zeal, the arrangements in the construction of the opera. The poet never thought of mixing himself up at all in such arrangements; he could not conceive music, to which opera owed its origin, otherwise than in those narrow, and perfectly defined forms—completely binding down even the musician himself—to which he was accustomed. It would have struck him as incredible, from any demands of the dramatic necessity upon them, to work on these forms in such a degree, that they should, with regard to their constitution, have ceased to act as limits to dramatic truth, since he only conceived the constitution of music in the above forms—unassailable even by the musician himself. He was obliged, therefore, if he once lent himself to the production of an opera-text, to be more painfully attentive to these forms than even the musician, and, at most, leave it to the latter to carry out enlargements and developments in a field of action where he was at home, and to which he, the poet, would only pretend to be auxiliary, but where he could not presume to exact anything. Thus it was by the poet himself, who looked with a kind of holy dread upon the composer, that the dictatorship in opera was rather completely given up to, than disputed with, the musician, when the poet perceived what earnest zeal the latter devoted to his task.

But it was Gluck's successors who first thought of taking advantage of this position of theirs for enlarging the forms they found ready to their hand. These successors—among whom we must comprise the composers of Italian and French origin, who, shortly before the conclusion of the last, and at the commencement of the present, century, wrote for the operatic theatres of Paris—imparted to their songs, with a more and more complete degree of warmth and truth of immediate expression, a more extended formal foundation. The old established divisions of the air, still retained in their essential characteristics, were fixed upon more varied motives, and even transitions and connecting passages drawn into the domain of expression; the recitative joined involuntarily, and more closely, the air, and even entered as a necessary expression into its composition.

The air, however, gained an important degree of expansion from the fact that more than one person—according to the dramatic exigencies—took part in its execution, and that thus the essentially monological characteristic of the old opera was advantageously lost. It is true that pieces such as duets and trios had been long previously known; but the fact of two or three persons singing together in an air had not fundamentally produced the least change in the character of the air, which, in the melodic plan and maintenance of the thematic tone once adopted—which tone did not exactly refer to individual expression, but to a general specifically musical disposition—remained quite the same, nothing being really changed in it, whether performed as a monologue or as a duet, except what was perfectly material, namely: the fact of the musical phrases being sung alternately by different voices, or by all together, by a simple harmonic contrivance, such as two or three voices, etc. To indicate this specifically musical element, so far that it might become capable of vivaciously alternating individual expression, was the task and work of the above mentioned composers, as is evident in their treatment of the so-called *dramatico-musical ensemble*. The essential element of this *ensemble* always remained in truth simply the air, recitative, and dance music; only, whenever, in the air or recitative, a vocal expression, corresponding to the text-foundation, was once acknowledged as a fitting exigence, the truth of this expression logically and of necessity had to be extended to whatever dramatic connection was contained in the text-foundation. From the honest effort to satisfy this necessary consequence, arose the extension of the older musical forms in opera, as we find them in the serious operas of Cherubini, Méhul, and Spontini. We may say that, in these works, is fulfilled what Gluck wanted, or may have wanted—yes, in them is attained, once for all, whatever natural, that is to say, in the best sense of the expression, consistent qualities could be developed on the primitive foundation of opera.

The youngest of the above three masters, Spontini, was so perfectly convinced of having really reached the utmost limits of operatic style; he had so firm a belief in the impossibility of his productions ever being, in any way, surpassed, that, in all his subsequent artistic efforts, which he published after the works of his great Parisian epoch, he never made even the slightest attempt, in form or meaning, to go beyond the stand he had taken in those works. He obstinately refused to recognise the subsequent, so-called romantic, development of opera as anything but an evident decay of opera; so that, on those, to whom he afterwards communicated his ideas concerning this subject, he necessarily produced the impression of a person prejudiced, to madness, in favour of himself and his own works, while he really only enounced a conviction, which could very easily be founded upon a perfectly sound view of the constitution of opera. On surveying the deportment of modern opera, Spontini could, with justice ask: "Have you materially developed, in any manner, the musical component parts of opera in any greater degree than what you find in my works? Or have you been able to effect anything intelligible or sound, by really going beyond this form? Is not all that is unpalatable in your productions simply a consequence of stepping out of this form, and have you not been enabled to produce all that is palatable simply within this form? Where, now, does this form exist more grandly, broadly, and comprehensively than in my three great Parisian operas? Who, however, will tell me that he has filled out this form with more glowing, passionate, and energetic substance than I have?"

It would be difficult to reply to these questions of Spontini in a manner that would confuse him, but, in every case, still more difficult to prove to him that he was mad, if he held us to be so. Out of Spontini's mouth speaks the honest voice of conviction of the absolute musician, who gives us to understand: "If the musician will, by himself, as arranger of the opera, bring about the drama, he cannot, without in addition exposing his utter incapacity, go one step further than I have gone." In this, however, there is involuntarily expressed the demand for something further: "If you desire more, you must apply, not to the musician, but to the poet."

But how did this poet stand with regard to Spontini and his contemporaries? With the whole growth of the musical form of opera, with all the development of the capabilities of expression contained in it, the position of the poet was not in the least changed. He always remained the preparer of foundations for the perfectly independent experiments of the composer. If the latter, through successes obtained, felt his power for freer movement within his form increase, he only set the poet the task of serving him with less fear and anxiety in the supply of subjects; he said to him, as it were, "See what I am able to accomplish! Do not trammel yourself; trust in my activity to resolve your most hazarded dramatic combinations, body and bones, into music." Thus was the poet merely carried along by the musician; he must have felt ashamed to bring wooden hobby-horses to his master, when the latter was able to bestride a real steed, for he knew that the rider understood how to handle the reins bravely—the musical reins, which were destined to guide the steed hither and thither in the well-levelled operatic riding school, and without which neither musician nor poet dared to bestride it, for fear it might spring high above the inclosing fence, and run off to its wild, magnificent nature-home.

The poet thus certainly attained, by the side of the composer, increasing importance, but only exactly in the proportion that the musician ascended before him, while he merely followed; the strictly musical possibilities alone, which the composer pointed out to him, were all that the poet thought of, to serve as his standard for arrangement and form, and even for the choice of a subject; he remained, therefore, with all the reputation which he, also, was beginning to gain, only the mere skilful person, able to serve the "dramatic" composer so suitably and well. Immediately the composer himself took no other view of the relative position of the poet, than that which he derived from the nature of opera, he could only regard himself as the responsible factor of the opera, and thus, with right and justice, retain the position assumed by Spontini, as being the most suitable, since he could procure himself the satisfaction of producing in that position, all that was possible for a musician, if he wished the opera, as musical drama, to preserve its claim as a valid form of art.

That, however, there were things possible in drama, which could not be touched in the form of art of which we have been treating—if it were not to be entirely ruined—is at present very apparent to us, although it must have completely escaped the notice of the composer and poet of that period. Of all dramatic possibilities, only those could strike them which were to be realized in their perfectly decided, and, from their constitution, altogether limited operatic form. The broad expansion of, and long resting on, one motive, necessary for the musician, that he might express himself clearly in his own form; the purely musical additions which he required, for the purpose, as it were, of setting his bell a-swinging, that it might sound, and sound, too, so as expressively to satisfy a decided character, at all times imposed upon the poet the task of busying himself with a particularly decided species of dramatic ideas, which afforded sufficient space for the extended, ambiguous commodiousness indispensable to the musician for his experimentalising. The purely rhetorical, phraselike, stereotyped element in his expression was for the poet a duty, for from this element alone could the musician obtain sufficient space for the expansion necessary for his purpose, but, in truth, wholly undramatic. Had the poet made his heroes speak in a short, decided, succinct manner, full of meaning, he would only have drawn down upon himself the reproach of the impracticability of his poem for the purposes of the composer. Feeling compelled to place a number of commonplace, meaningless phrases in the mouth of his heroes, he could not, consequently, with the best desire in the world, distinguish persons so speaking by true character, nor set the seal of perfect dramatic truth upon the context of their actions. His drama became more and more a pretext for the drama; he never dared draw all the conclusions he might have drawn from the real aim of the drama. Strictly speaking, he only translated, therefore, the drama into operatic language, so that,



really, in most instances, all that he did was to work up, for opera, dramas which had long been known and performed until people were completely tired of them, on the stage of spoken plays, as was especially the case in Paris, with the tragedies of the Théâtre-Français. The aim of the drama, which, as a natural consequence, was inwardly hollow and null, thus passed, notoriously, into the intentions of the composer, from whom the public expected what the poet had previously given. It fell, therefore, necessarily, to his, the composer's, lot, to remedy this inward hollowness and nullity of the whole work, as soon as he perceived them; he saw himself, therefore, charged with the unnatural task—from his own point of view, from the point of view of one who has to assist in realising, only by the means of expression at his command, the fully displayed dramatic aim—of himself conceiving and calling the aim into life. Thus, strictly speaking, the musician had to endeavour really to compose the drama, and to make his music not only the expression, but also the very substance, which substance, according to the nature of the thing, was to be nothing less than the drama itself.

From this point commences, most plainly, the wonderful confusion of ideas, occasioned by the predicate "dramatic," concerning the constitution of music. Music, which, as an art of expression, can, in its greatest fullness, only be true in that expression, is, under these circumstances and in conformity to its nature, simply referable to what it should express; in opera this is most decidedly the sensations of those speaking and performing, and any music doing this with convincing effect is exactly all it can ever be. Any music, however, intended to be more than this—any music not referring to an object to be expressed, but intended also to fulfil it, that is to say to be the object itself, is fundamentally no longer music at all, but a phantastic abstract monstruousness, which can in truth only be realised as a caricature. In spite of every wrongheaded effort, music, if at all effective—has really remained nothing more than expression; from such efforts to make it the substance itself—and that, too, the substance of the drama—has sprung what we have to acknowledge as the logical decay of opera, and, therefore, the notorious proof of the complete unnaturalness of this form of art.

Although the foundation and actual substance of Spontini's operas were hollow and null, and the musical form displayed upon them circumscribed and pedantic, still they were in their restrictedness a frank and, in themselves, clear confession of what was possible in this form, without pushing its inherent unnaturalness to madness. Modern opera, on the other hand, is the public proof of this madness having commenced. In order more nearly to examine its constitution, let us now turn our attention to the other direction taken by the development of opera, a direction we have characterised as *frivolous*, and through the mingling of which with the *serious* direction, of which we have just been treating, has been produced that indescribably confused *caf* which we hear designated, and that, too, not unfrequently, even by apparently sensible people, as "Modern Dramatic Opera."

(To be continued.)

AMATEUR PANTOMIME.—The following letter has been addressed to our contemporary, the *Leader*, by Mr. Albert Smith:—"THE AMATEUR PANTOMIME.—(To the Editor of the *Leader*).—SIR,—Be kind enough to allow me, through your columns, to give up an honour which I am not fairly entitled to—the authorship of the opening of the Olympic Amateur Pantomime. The original burlesque scene of *Guy Fawkes* was written by Mr. Edmund Draper, for *The Man in the Moon*—a little periodical which I edited in 1848, conjointly with my poor friend, Mr. Angus Reach. I have done little more, with my collaborateur Mr. Hale, than remodel it, according to our exigencies, and put in the songs and 'business,' and such local or personal allusions as were considered adapted to the audience. Yours obediently, ALBERT SMITH. *The Fielding Club*, April 11, 1855."

NEWS FOR SIMS REEVES.—Our contemporary, *L'Europe Artistique*, in his last number, writes:—"M. Sims Reeves supports at Drury Lane the whole burden of the *répertoire*." Possibly Mr. Smith would not object to this being true.

#### DRAMATIC.

STRAND.—A new version of the Adelphian farce of *Betty Martin*, called *Sally Smart*, has been produced for the purpose of introducing Miss Somers in Mrs. Keeley's part. The attempt is an ambitious one, and altho' we must not compare Miss Somers' performance with that of her more experienced rival, it was quite worthy the rising popularity of the youthful provincialist, who is unquestionably destined to occupy a prominent station on the London stage, in the parts in which she excels.

DRURY LANE.—If crowded houses be a proof of success, the Royal Opera at Drury Lane must be pronounced triumphant. The cheap prices, no less than the performance, have proved attractive, and Mr. E. T. Smith has found the suppression of free tickets and orders to answer. Nevertheless, the prices are too low, and the theatre would fill just as well if they were higher—to say nothing of preserving its respectability. On Friday *Norma* was given with two new singers from the Continent. Madame Arga is a very pleasing actress, and has a fine mezzo-soprano voice, which she manages skilfully. She is prepossessing in appearance, and displays intelligence in all she attempts. Her success was decided. We have no doubt she will prove an acquisition to the theatre, and a useful set-off to Madame Gassier. Signor Armandi is a tenore robusto, as Pollio should be. The part of Pollio, however, is not a favourable one for a first appearance. We must not, therefore, judge Signor Armandi until we have seen him in something else. Mr. Hamilton Braham was the Oroveso. Mad. Gassier continues to delight in the *Sonnambula*, the *Barbiere*, and *Don Pasquale*. In the last-named opera, on Tuesday, Sig. Fortini made his first appearance as the amorous old bachelor, and sustained the part with much effect. Although occasionally extravagant, Sig. Fortini possesses humour.

In the ballet, in addition to Mdle. Palmyra, who improves on acquaintance, a Mdle. Paolo has made her *début* with success. She dances neatly and gracefully, has a pretty face, and possesses a good figure. M. Friant, another dancer, also made his first bow.

SURREY.—On Tuesday-week the dramatic season closed with the *Lady of Lyons*, and the *Love Chase*, for the benefit of Miss Fitzpatrick, whose appearance as Pauline Deschappelles took the audience a little by surprise. The early scenes were given with grace and *naïveté*, and, though the scenes in the third and fourth acts wanted energy, the whole displayed a power of expression, at least in its more subdued form, for which we had hardly given the fair actress credit.—On Monday last the operatic season commenced, under the direction of Miss Romer, with a lyrical version of the drama of *Faust and Marguerite*, called *Mephistopheles*, the libretto by Mr. Henri Drayton, and the music by Herr Lutz, musical director of the theatre. Herr Lutz produced an operetta here two years ago, with moderate success. His present work is not likely to obtain a more lasting hold on the public. That it contains the elements of popularity is not to be denied; but that it contains no more, is equally certain. The writer is evidently a votary of modern Italianism; his models, however, are not the best of their kind. There is a pretty and spirited opening chorus, and a quintet in the finale to the first act, which display some good part-writing. The second act contains a quartet of the same kind; this was encored, as were also a tenor and bass song. The choruses in the last act have, apparently, merit; but it is impossible to speak with confidence until the singers have been better drilled. It is only fair to Herr Lutz to add that he had but scanty justice from the performers, either on the stage or in the orchestra. Mr. Drayton and Mr. Perren were the only artists who seemed at ease in their parts. Mrs. Drayton (late Miss Lowe) sang timidly, as if she had not sufficiently studied the music allotted to her. The house was crammed from floor to roof.

DON GIOVANNI.—Herr Paner, the well-known pianist and composer, having been commissioned to dispose of the original score of this masterpiece, in *Mozart's own handwriting*, offered it to the British Museum for two hundred guineas (the minimum price). His offer was declined instantaneously. They would have purchased a mummy for the same amount, no doubt.

## REVIEWS.

"SIX ORIGINAL COMPOSITIONS." Written and Composed by Charles Mackay.

THE charm of these songs consists in the strong English feeling conveyed both in the words and in the music. Mr. Charles Mackay has long made himself celebrated as a lyric poet of great vigour and sentiment; but we have had no previous opportunity of appreciating his musical talent, which, to judge from the present specimens, seems to be as genuine and as thoroughly English as the other.

From the Six Compositions before us we may select three, as possessing more than ordinary merit, both musical and poetical. The romance, "Dudley Castle"—perhaps the best of them all—embodies a pretty story and a sad, in the style of the old feudal poetry, which, were the diction dressed up in an antiquated garb, might have passed, with little chance of detection, except from bookworms almost bent double in the quest of musty and forgotten vellums, for one of Percy's relics, or Ritson's ballads. The tune is extremely plaintive, and, in the accompaniments, Mr. Mackay has displayed a knowledge of harmony, and a taste in its application, for which we could hardly have given any amateur credit. Moreover, and this is still more strange, they are written with a correctness which defies criticism.

"The Fisherman and his Wife" is a bold and animated glee for three voices, quite in the style of some of the late Sir Henry Bishop's less elaborate essays in this branch of vocal composition. It is well voiced and effective. The accompaniment may be praised like the other, with the reservation, that, in the short symphony, page 4, stave 1, bar 2, the chord of E, followed by the flat 7th on C, robs it of its otherwise well-preserved simplicity. The words are famous, of the jolliest glee and catch calibre.

"When first my fancy ceased to roam" is a ballad which, for flowing and unstudied tune, might be taken for one of those spontaneous national melodies that have sprung from the woods, and hills, and valleys, no one knows how, to throw a ray of cheerfulness and confer innocent enjoyment on village life. The words of this ballad, though pretty, are somewhat strained, for melody of such true and unaffected simplicity; for example—

"The wavelet, dazzled by a star,  
Lies lonely 'mid the restless sea;  
But I, a wavelet happier far,  
The star itself came down to me."

The sequel of which is, that the poet who sought earthly beauty found heavenly goodness. What is still better, however, Mr. Mackay found a good tune, upon which we pay him our compliment.

"O say, fond heart" and "The rose's errand" are ballads, equally unpretending, but scarcely so attractive. The last, however, embodies a pretty conceit of flower-language. The poet communicates his passion to the mistress of his soul by the medium of a rose, the silent eloquence of which is so persuasive, that the lady, smiling sweetly, places it on her "happy breast" and wears it till it withers; whereon the poet, in a burst of rapturous content, launches the following quatrain:—

"Immortal rose! it could not die,  
The spirit which it bore  
Lives in her heart, as first in mine,  
A joy for evermore!"

"Believe if you can," though well written, has less merit as a song than any of the others.

ROSSINI.—"Rossini," writes the Paris Correspondent of *L'Indépendance Belge*, (May 25th) "has been in Paris these two days. Yesterday some friends wished to drag him to the Opera. Impossible. 'I will not even enter the peristyle'—was his answer. Conspicuous in the peristyle, as everyone knows, stands the statue of Rossini, on a pedestal." The same writer informs his readers that Jenny Lind, yielding to pressing solicitations, has consented to sing at three concerts in Paris, after the Festival now holding in Düsseldorf. *Nous verrons.*

## MISCELLANEOUS.

ROSSINI EN ROUTE FOR PARIS.—The great composer stopped a day at Chalons, on his way to the French Capital. A local paper—the *Courrier de Saône-et-Loire*—writes as follows:—"Chalons possessed yesterday one of the greatest celebrities of modern times, one of the brightest gems of the musical art—the illustrious composer Rossini. He arrived yesterday, and left this morning for Paris. Our Society of Military Music, so well conducted by M. Guichard, gave him a serenade. The illustrious composer appeared much affected by this unexpected manifestation of sympathy. He thanked our citizens, and shook several of them by the hand. Rossini is a fine old man; his noble features are stamped with good nature and intelligence. He travels by short stages."

ERNST.—A Dublin contemporary, *The Weekly Gazette*, apostrophises the great German violinist in the following enthusiastic terms:—

"Between the acts of the opera, each evening, Herr Ernst performed a *moreau*, or rather *moreceau* (for he was always encoored), on the violin. We should say that, beyond all doubt, Herr Ernst is the best violinist of the day;—indeed, we have heard several musicians assert that he is fully equal to what Paganini was. *Le Carnaval de Venise*, arranged by Paganini, is familiar to almost every one; and nearly every one has heard it performed by Camillo Sivori, and other great performers; but, while the *aria* and its variations are the same, Herr Ernst's style is different—his style is his own. In execution and brilliancy he equals, if not surpasses, those other great *artistes*, but in decision—in *clan*, he stands unrivalled. Every note in the most rapid passages, even where the score alternates with almost electrical rapidity from the first to the fourth string, is as distinct as if what he was playing were in *minims*. But an attempt at description would be superfluous—Herr Ernst makes the violin do everything but speak."

Further on, the same writer says:—

"Herr Ernst's performances on the violin were, as usual, listened to with delight. He, on this occasion, when encoored, introduced a very severely-set *fantasia*, which displayed his wonderful execution to more than usual advantage."

Can any one inform us what is meant by a "severely-set *fantasia*?"—and can any one unravel the meaning of a "*score*" alternating with "electrical rapidity from the first to the fourth string?" By the way, our contemporary—whose enthusiasm is well placed, and would atone for many more misuses of technicalities—is wrong in attributing the *Carnaval de Venise*, as Ernst performs it, to Paganini. The *Andante* in B flat—one of the most melodious little movements ever composed for the violin—and the greater number of the variations, are Ernst's, and no one else's.

HERR REICHARDT.—This clever singer, who is rapidly gaining in public estimation, seems to have won golden opinions by his operatic performances with Alboni in Dublin. The *Dublin Weekly Gazette* speaks of him in the following very flattering style:—

"Herr Reichardt's voice is a tenor of the purest kind; and decidedly of the Mario class. It is sweet in every note, of considerable compass, and exquisite in the upper range. We understand that Herr Reichardt was for several years a pupil in the Vienna Academy; and he bears all the traces of the teaching of that celebrated school. His powers of embellishment are very great indeed, and his ornamentation is, in every case, of the most refined character; his falsetto is also exceedingly good. Besides all this, he is a gentlemanly and agreeable actor; and he has, we are glad to see, become quite a favourite with the *habitués* of the Theatre Royal. He sustained the rôle of Count Almaviva, in *Il Barbiere*, splendidly. In Don Ramiro (*Cenerentola*) he had not so much to do; but the "Ah! questa bella incognita," in the opening of the second act, gave him an opportunity of showing his powers in solo vocalization, and the result was enthusiastic applause, and an encore from all parts of the house. We have seldom heard so finished a piece of tenor-song as this, and from it alone we would augur a brilliant career for Herr Reichardt."

"Ornamentation" is a queer word, nevertheless. It is, however, original, and may pass.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MUSICA.—We shall not (unfortunately) be able to find room for the "Comparison between Haydn and Mozart." For his good will, MUSICA has our best thanks, nevertheless.

A CONSTANT READER.—Our correspondent's letter cannot be published unless we are favoured with his name and address.

ROUND TOES.—We shall always be happy to hear from "Round Toes."

W. H. C.—Yes, decidedly. The letters must not be posted later than Thursday, as we publish on Saturday morning.

W. B.—The waltzes and song have been mislaid; but we have ordered them to be looked out.

SPHINX.—The piano solos played by Hallé at the third matinée of the Musical Union were two waltzes of Chopin, Op. 63, C sharp minor, and D flat major.

## THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 2ND, 1855.

We had no room for the following letter in our last :—

To the Editor of the *Musical World*.

SIR,—During a few weeks I have been (if "frothing" at all) "frothing" through ear-ache, and disclaim the letter mentioning *L'Etoile du Nord* altogether, and its "concealed venom," for I NEVER SENT IT. The Editor of the *Morning Post*'s general habit of excluding matter contrary to the views of his own musical clique, induced me to send to you a letter addressed to him. I enclose two cuttings from the paper itself, and, begging the correction of a date, 12th instead of 11th May, 1855, remain, yours obliged,  
R.

May 21, 1855.

P.S.—In the *Post* of the 11th you will see, if worth the trouble of reference, the dirty corner alluded to.

This new attempt to upset Signor Verdi is positively worse than the others. "R." did not SEND the slashing letter to the *Post*, in which the composer of *Il Trovatore* was ironically pitted against the composer of *L'Etoile du Nord*. Good. But did he WRITE it? We believe he did; and, indeed, are convinced of it. If not, however, we are at a loss to explain why "R." should have taken the trouble to forward us so very cutting "a cutting" as the subjoined :—

"If Signor Verdi be really the '*speranza d'Italia*,' we cannot congratulate that once-favoured land of song upon its expectations, for a more uninspired or uncultivated composer never yet succeeded in attracting public notice. If mere popularity with the unthinking and unknowing many constitute a claim to the laurel wreath, then may Signor Verdi wear it; but if the unanimous opinion of the best musicians of every country be of any value, then must he be driven from the heights of Parnassus as one who has been puffed up to them by the 'vile breath' of the mob, but who possesses not the magic pass-word which alone can procure admittance amongst the elect. The Italians are very national, and, like the Chinese, have erected a huge and interminable wall around their flowing land, with this difference, that theirs is made of prejudice, whilst that of the Celestial Empire is of stone. Both, however, are equally hard, and stupidly exclusive. Their best singers, whose voices Signor Verdi spoils, and whose style he corrupts, do not really like his music, or even attempt to defend it absolutely. They readily admit that he has not the melody of Bellini, or the general merit of Donizetti (who was a much more educated musician than the author of *La Sonnambula*); neither would they, or anybody at all conversant with true art, attempt to compare him, or even his better predecessors, with Rossini, Cherubini, or Spontini, not to speak of Cimarosa, and other great men of a still remoter period; but then he was born '*sotto il bel cielo d'Italia*,' a mighty recommendation with those who would imagine that every English scribbler must necessarily be gifted with the Shaksperian spirit, or that every German symphony-maker must be a Beethoven or a Mozart. And, again, Verdi is their *only* man, and therefore—(mark the 'therefore')—the sole representative of the so-called 'Italian school.' All this is gross error, for, firstly, nationality of style does not, in itself, constitute artistic excel-

lence; and, secondly, it is an insult to the true Italian school to call such a writer as Signor Verdi its representative. Italy, like every other country, would derive more honour from truth, which would set him down as a wretched corrupter of music, who is neither an able follower nor a respectable originator. The best Italian school, though it too frequently sacrifices sense to sound, has a lyric beauty, a spontaneous and natural flood of melody, a vocal excellence, whether in solo or concerted pieces, which, though upwards of fifty years of age, he has not yet shown in any of his works, and, in our opinion, never will. The most vulgar tunes, made up of shreds and patches indiscriminately taken from the works of others, and scored in the most common-place and ignorant manner, make up his sum of excellence; which, added up with scrupulous care, gives nothing as the production. His pathos is maudlin, his passion fustian and bombast; whilst the attempts he occasionally makes at harmonic colouring—one of the grand resources of musical art—evidence nothing but empty extravagance, and a reckless disregard of grammar. They are, therefore, false and contemptible. This we wish to be received as our criticism, not only upon *Il Trovatore*, but upon every opera of Verdi which has yet come under our notice. The same opinion has been frequently expressed in this journal, and we are willing to stake our professional credit upon its truth.

"The popular success of this last, or any production by the same writer, has no influence upon our judgment. 'Jim Crow' was sung in its day in every house and street, and the *aura popularis* never blew more strongly than it did in favour of that precious inspiration; but our notion of the critic's duty is that he should lead, not follow, the public taste, and that his readers should look to him for instruction rather than unconscious sympathy.

"The splendid performance of *Il Trovatore* would have rendered a still worse work (could such be found) very interesting; and we doubt not that it will attract the town for some time to come. Upon this we shall have to speak after the repetition of the opera to-night, and meanwhile will take leave of a subject which we entered upon with reluctance, and quit with pleasure."

If "R." is really the great admirer of Verdi, for which he would fain pass in the eyes of the world, he has an odd manner of testifying his admiration. First he writes (but is too knowing to send, *finot qu'il est*!) a satirical diatribe, which can only have one object—viz.: that of turning his pretended idol into ridicule. Next, finding this will not do, he sets to abusing the *Morning Post* critic. Last, and worst, after abusing the *Post* critic to as little purpose as he had written (not sent) the letter, he "cuts" him, and encloses the "cutting" to the office of the *Musical World*. If we had believed that the slashing article of our fashionable contemporary would do Verdi, or his *Trovatore*, any harm, we should not have reprinted it, even to oblige "R." But we are sure of the contrary.

"R!"—all this shuffling is very injudicious. If you are desirous to dissipate the Verdi mania, which rages among our "*bottes vernies*," you must adopt some other plan, and not be repeatedly flying in the face of your own arguments. Had you, *first of all*, instead of reviling the *Post* critic and his criticism, sent us the "cutting" with a strong word or two in praise of it, why, then, we should have understood your aim, and by declining to transfer the "cutting" to our columns, maintained our own consistency. *Magna est veritas*. Verdi will prevail, in spite of his enemies—to say nothing of his friends. A man may "froth through ear-ache" (a sly and malicious poke in the side, by the way, for poor Verdi!); but "froth" he even to salivation, he cannot make it appear, by any shift of sophistry, that the music of *Il Trovatore* is only "froth."

Will "R." be good enough to send us a "cutting" from the *Post* of the 11th? We should also like to see, as well as the "dirty corner," the second article of the Waterloo Bridge critic on *Il Trovatore*. Perhaps "R." may cut that for us in the bargain.

ERRATUM.—For the 11th of May, 1855, read the 12th—or vice versa.



We have refrained from interfering in the dispute between the Master of the Queen's Private Band and certain of its members, from motives which may easily be understood. In the first place, it is no affair of ours; and, in the next, it is the duty of public journalists to avoid personalities, whenever that is possible. We opened our columns to the Messrs. Chipp, M. Sainton, and Mr. Hill, who were desirous of making public the causes of their retirement from the Queen's service, as musicians; and we have stated more than once that the same privilege was at the disposal of Mr. Anderson. That gentleman, however, did not think proper to take advantage of our proffered liberality; but insinuated, through his solicitors, that, though the allegations of the Messrs. Chipp were a series of misrepresentations, he did not consider himself called upon to refute them in the columns of a newspaper. We are unable to fathom the depths of his reasoning; but we apprehend the best place to challenge the accusations levelled against Mr. Anderson would have been that in which they were first published to the world. Nevertheless, the Queen's Bandmaster had a right to his own opinion; and we have been in no way anxious to question it.

Now, however, Mr. Anderson has produced an elaborate pamphlet, in which he defends himself with great ingenuity, and charges his opponents (to the whole of whose assertions he gives a plain denial) in their turn. We shall not go out of our way to examine this pamphlet, since it is beyond our province to enter into the controversy. No doubt those whom it concerns will exert themselves to place matters in the true light. We have only to suggest, that had Mr. Anderson forwarded his defence to our office, it would have been printed for nothing, in the columns of the *Musical World*; while, as the matter stands, it must have cost him a good sum of money—almost as much as the difference between four guineas and sixteen guineas, between the emoluments of a "Deputy" and those of a "Principal."

We have a word of advice, on the other hand, to offer to some of our industrious correspondents, who seem to hold the Master of Her Majesty's Private Band in no very great esteem or affection. Let them beware, that, in the excess of their zeal to find him wrong in all his transactions, they do not end by making a martyr of him, and thus give him the chance of ultimate canonization. St. Anderson would not be the first unaccountable saint in the calendar. After two very attentive readings, we can really make out no case against Mr. Anderson in the communication from Mr. Hill, which appears in another part of our impression. It was not Mr. Anderson's fault that poor Herr Schroeder begot many children, and died insolvent. By no means; it was Herr Schroeder's. Nor, if Mr. Anderson paid £10 a-year out of his own pocket, for three consecutive years (as Mr. Hill himself informs us), towards defraying the educational expenses of Herr Schroeder's eldest son, at the Royal Academy of Music, can Mr. Anderson be fairly arraigned for claiming the sum of £30, as a just debt due to himself. At least, this seems to us the true logic of the matter.

The case of Mr. Simmons is certainly a queer one; but we consider the Philharmonic Directors, as a body, to be quite as much, nay more, to blame than Mr. Anderson, as an individual. Their winking at the transaction—of the nature of which they were thoroughly aware—was anything but creditable to them, as a government appointed to represent and promote the interests of the whole society. They had no right whatever to permit one of their own body to receive the salary of a principal performer, and yet never make his appear-

ance in the orchestra. Here it is the shoe pinches; here it is the other six directors (and their predecessors, in years gone by) are seriously to blame; and for this they should be called to account by the united members, at the next general meeting. The "deputy" system, it is well known, vicious and bad as it is, has long prevailed without opposition; although, we believe, no such flagrant instance of its impropriety, as that in which Mr. Simmons was the sufferer, ever occurred before. Let us hope it may not be allowed to establish a precedent, but that a strongly expressed opinion on the part of the Society, backed by the approval of the entire musical community, may render such questionable dealings impossible hereafter.

M. JULLIEN, who has been spending a fortnight in London, has returned to his estate near Waterloo, in Belgium.

M. HECTOR BERLIOZ has been named Honorary Member of the Academy of Sophia, at Prague.

MR. EDMUND CHIPP has been appointed organist to the Panopticon, in place of Mr. Best, resigned. A better choice could not have been made.

M. CHARLES HALLE has commenced a very interesting series of performances, under the title of "Pianoforte Recitals," at his residence, Chesham-street, Belgrave-square. One part of the scheme is to introduce on each occasion two compositions of Beethoven, selected from his earliest and latest works. The first performance took place on Thursday afternoon.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The second performance this season of the *Creation* took place on Friday (yesterday week). The principal vocalists were Madame Clara Novello, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Herr Formes. A more complete and masterly execution of Haydn's popular oratorio has not been heard for several years at Exeter Hall. Mr. Costa, as usual, was the conductor.

MISS STABBACH gave her Annual Concert on Friday evening the 25th inst., at the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover-square. This young lady has been steadily gaining ground in public favour, and well deserves it, for the unremitting zeal with which she has prosecuted her studies, and her prepossessing and unaffected manner. Miss Stabbach was assisted by some of the best artists now in London, among whom we may mention Madame Fiorentini, Miss Fanny Huddart, Signors Salvi and Beletti, and Mr. Frank Borda, in the vocal department; and Messrs. Lindsay Sloper, Li Calsi, Regondi, Distins, and Bottesini in the instrumental. The conductors were Messrs. Ganz and Berger. Mad. Fiorentini displayed her rich, luscious voice to the greatest possible advantage in the air from *Maria di Rohan*, "Havvi un dio," which was rendered with infinite taste and expression. This lady is greatly improved in style, since she appeared at Her Majesty's Theatre, and her singing produced a marked sensation. Miss Fanny Huddart acquitted herself well of the music allotted to her. Miss Stabbach was encored in "Kathleen mavourneen," which she sang with true feeling and expression; she was also peculiarly happy in Mendelssohn's duet, "May bells," with Miss Fanny Huddart. Madame Fiorentini also met with well-deserved applause in a charming song by Bottesini. Signor Beletti sang a *romanza*, by Campana, and was encored in Rossini's tarantella, "Gia la luna." Signor Bottesini was encored in a wonderful solo of his own composition, wonderfully executed, but declined the invitation—which, however, Mr. Distin, sen., accepted in his solo on the trumpet. Signors Regondi and Li Calsi were also recalled, but only bowed their thanks. Mr. Lindsay Sloper played the *andante* and *capriccioso*, in E minor, of Mendelssohn. It was a real treat to the admirers of good singing to hear Signor Salvi in one of his most expressive arias. The concert was given under the distinguished patronage of the Duchess of Somerset, Earl and Countess Fortescue, Earl and Countess Manvers, Earl of Stradbroke, Lord and Lady Poltimore, Sir Robert Peel, Bart., Lady Theiger, Lady Davie, Lady Armytage, Hon. A. F. Bampfylde, and Mrs. Buck, &c., &c. The room was crowded in every part.

## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

*Il Favorita* was repeated on Saturday.

*Norma*, on Tuesday, introduced Madame Grisi in one of her most celebrated parts. The theatre was crowded. The excitement, however, was hardly equal to the occasion. We have seldom seen Madame Grisi more passionate and energetic than in the trio of the first act—where the famous “O tremare,” produced the usual *furor*, and was unanimously encored—or more touching and pathetic than in the *finale* of the second. The instinctive grace and beauty of Madame Grisi's acting in this scene has not been surpassed; and, if the demonstrations were not so boisterous as of old, the impression produced was genuine and profound as ever. She was called forward at the termination of each act, and applauded as became her.

Signor Tamberlik is the best Pollio that ever appeared in England. The part is ungracious, but this fine singer makes it in a great measure pleasing and sympathetic. The first *aria* is very exacting, without proportionate effect. Bellini was evidently not inspired when he wrote it. Signor Tamberlik, however, sings it magnificently. Mdlle. Marai was charming as Adalgisa. The merit of her acting lies in its becoming unobtrusiveness. She sang well and with true expression. Herr Formes had been announced for Oroveso; but, before the curtain rose, Mr. A. Harris claimed the indulgence of the audience for M. Zelger, who had undertaken the part at a short notice, Herr Formes being indisposed.

The opera was followed by the much-disputed *Eva*, in which Mdlle. Cerito was as graceful and fascinating as usual.

The announcement of *Don Giovanni* for Thursday night, with the return of Signor Tamburini (after three years' absence) in his most celebrated part, naturally gave rise to large expectations. Mozart's *chef-d'œuvre* would once more be represented in a fitting style of completeness, and the lovers of good music would be satisfied. These expectations, however, were in a great degree unrealised. In some respects the performance was admirable, but the directors evidently have no sympathy with *Il Don Giovanni*, and the whole was anything but satisfactory. This, in some degree, may be attributed to the illness of Mdlle. Jenny Ney, which brought forward Madame Rudersdorff as Donna Anna, although Grisi and Viardot Garcia were both at hand. But the unsteadiness of the chorus, and the slovenly manner in which the *mise-en-scène* was managed, were still greater sources of imperfection. The last scene was all wrong. The supper-table was ill-arranged. Don Giovanni was so hidden near the wings that he could neither be seen nor heard, and the band had the stage to themselves. When the ghost disappeared, Don Giovanni had to wait a long time for the demons, and the view of the infernal regions, with the profligate's leap into the flames, was quite discreditable to such a theatre as the Royal Italian Opera. While on this subject we may point out to Mr. Harris—who should remedy these matters—the absurdity of placing Elvira, in the trio which commences the second act, so far out of sight and hearing. Elvira should appear in a balcony, and within view of the audience—otherwise the music goes for nothing.

For more than twenty years Signor Tamburini has been the acknowledged Don Giovanni of the Italian stage. During that period many others—and some of renown—have essayed the character, in Paris and London, but not one has been tolerated. When Signor Tamburini succeeded from Her Majesty's Theatre, Mr. Lumley was at his wit's end to find a suitable Don Giovanni. He found several who could sing—not one who could act it. The impersonator of the Spanish nobleman must be “native and to the manner born.” Signor Tamburini alone, among all that have appeared since Signor Ambrogetti, possessed the indispensable qualifications; and, although quite aware that he was not the Tamburini of old, the directors of the Royal Italian Opera were justified in re-engaging him to play the part. The announcement of Tamburini as Don Giovanni, with Lablache as Leporello, and Mario as Ottavio, must have had more than ordinary interest for the ancient *habitués* of Her Majesty's Theatre, who were

thus enabled to recall, in some measure, those golden days when the three great artists were in their zenith. Grisi, as Donna Anna, would have rendered the “memorial tableau” perfect. This, however, was too much to expect in the course of her farewell performances. It was a matter for regret, nevertheless, that it could not be. Mademoiselle Jenny Ney's illness, under these circumstances, was the more to be regretted. Madame Rudersdorff has voice enough for the music; but her tendency, in almost every instance, to drag the time, militated against her own efforts and the efforts of those with whom she had to sing. It is not agreeable to be compelled thus to speak of a very clever artist, but truth is truth, and Madame Rudersdorff will do well to rid herself of this defect.

The most irreproachable performance of the evening, as far as singing went, was Madame Bosio's Zerlina, which was exquisite from first to last. She was encored in “Batti, batti,” “Vedrai Carino,” and in the duet, “La ci darem,” with Signor Tamburini, which she sang with a charm of voice and truth of expression that left nothing to desire. A more beautiful example of pure and unaffected singing was never heard than her “Vedrai Carino,” which raised one of the coldest audiences of the coldest season we can remember to ecstasy. But not only did Madame Bosio sing delightfully—which surprised no one—she acted with a vivacity and spirit that astonished those who had seen her in *Matilda di Shabran* and *Il Conte Ory*. Nothing could be more full of life and meaning than her bye-play in “Batti, batti,” “Vedrai Carino,” and “La ci darem,” into which she infused a sprightliness that declared nothing less than the genuine gift of comedy. A lady of so much intelligence cannot fail to catch something from her association with such an actor as Tamburini; and the oftener she appears with him in the same opera the better.

Mdlle. Marai sang the music of Elvira admirably, and acted with great discrimination. She has, nevertheless, hardly power enough for some of the music. The grand and difficult air, “Mi tradi,” was her best performance.

Signor Mario was the Don Ottavio, and, in the famous “Il mio tesoro,” sang with inimitable grace and expression, eliciting the loudest encore of the evening. Sig. Lablache would be entitled to unqualified praise if he showed a little more reverence for Mozart, and did not try to burlesque the last two scenes. Even he is not too old to learn. Of Signors Tagliafico and Polonini, as the Commandant and Masetto, we can only say, it would be difficult, if not impossible, to find their superiors. The band was magnificent. The minuet in the first *finale* was admirably executed by Cerito and M. Desplaces. Her Majesty, Prince Albert, and a numerous *suite*, were present at the performance.

**HARMONIC UNION.**—The performance of this society, on Wednesday evening, in aid of the funds of the West London Dispensary, consisted of Mendelssohn's oratorio, *Elijah*. We were sorry to remark that the attractions of the programme, and the beneficent purpose for which the society assembled, failed to command a fuller attendance, the Hanover Square Rooms not being more than half full at any period of the evening. The performance itself was highly satisfactory, and although there were no encores, there was considerable applause at times, both principals and chorus exerting themselves to the utmost, under the admirable guidance of Herr Molique. The principal singers were Miss Stabbach, Mrs. Lockey, Miss Lascelles, Miss Wilson, and Messrs. Belletti and Reichardt. Signor Belletti gave his recitatives with much vigour and emphasis. His pronunciation was remarkably good; instances of which were revealed in “Call him louder,” the air “Draw near, all ye people,” in the first part, and “It is enough, O Lord,” in the second. Herr Reichardt sang the tenor music most admirably, and was frequently applauded. Miss Stabbach (who is progressing rapidly in popular esteem) and Mrs. Lockey both sang remarkably well, and the latter was deservedly applauded in the air “O rest in the Lord.” The choruses went very steadily, and Herr Molique conducted in the most efficient manner throughout.



## PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

The sixth concert took place, on Monday evening, before the thinnest audience of the season. The following was the programme:—

## PART I.

Symphony (in G minor) ... ..	C. Potter.
Aria ("Il Seraglio"), Herr Formes ... ..	Mozart.
Concerto—Violin, M. Sainton ... ..	Beethoven.
Sicilienne—Mad. Bockholtz-Falconi ... ..	Pergolesi.
Overture ("Leonora") ... ..	Beethoven.

## PART II.

Symphony (A minor) ... ..	Mendelssohn.
Aria, "Non mi dir," Mad. Bockholtz-Falconi ... ..	Mozart.
Song, "O ruddier than the cherry," Herr Formes ... ..	Händel.
Overture ("Der Berg-geist") ... ..	Spohr.

Mr. Potter's fine symphony—composed many years ago for the Philharmonic Society, and of which we have frequently spoken—was well played. Herr Wagner took great pains with it. The symphony of Mendelssohn was worried by the new conductor in a pitiless manner. The whole performance of this grand work was unworthy of the society.

M. Sainton triumphed over all the difficulties of Beethoven's violin concerto in masterly style, and introduced the same cadenzas which we have already had occasion to praise. We never heard this accomplished violinist play more admirably. He was applauded enthusiastically. Nothing, however, could have been more imperfect than the orchestral accompaniments.

The two overtures were both very satisfactory, and the vocal music was good. Herr Formes was in splendid voice, and Mad. Bockholtz-Falconi, a *soprano* singer already known in England, made a favourable impression in both her songs. Her voice has an extended compass, and is much stronger than sweet.

## THE MUSICAL UNION.

The fourth concert, on Tuesday, was as fully attended and as interesting as its predecessors. The following was the programme:—

Quartet—No. 79, in D. . . . .	Haydn.
Trio—No. 2, in G. Piano, etc. . . . .	Beethoven.
Double Quartet—No. 3, E minor, Op. 87 . . . . .	Spohr.
Solos—Pianoforte . . . . .	Mendelssohn, etc.

We are glad to find M. Sainton once more at the Musical Union, and playing so finely as he played on this occasion. Spohr's magnificent double quartet was a real treat to connoisseurs. MM. Sainton, Cooper, Hill, and Piatti (who played the "Haydn") took the first quartet, and MM. Goffrie, Carrodus, Webb, and Pague, the second. The performance was remarkably effective.

Beethoven's early pianoforte trios are of course bagatelles to M. Hallé, who, nevertheless, does well to bring them forward now and then.

Ernst appears at the fifth *matinée*.

## MR. ELLA'S LECTURES.

MR. ELLA, director of the Musical Union, has been giving a series of lectures at the London Institution (Finsbury), of which the following is a synopsis:—

No. 1. April 10th.—*Devotional Music*. Illustrations from Palestrina (2), Mozart (1), Luther (1), Mendelssohn (1), Himmel (1), Meyerbeer (2), Rossini (1).

No. 2. April 23rd.—*On Secular Vocal Harmony*. Madrigals, Glæse, Grave Songs, Part Songs, etc., Illustrations from Festa, Ford, Webb, Stevens, Graun, Mendelssohn, etc., etc.

No. 3. April 30th.—*Pastoral Music*. Illustrations. Adam de la Halle (1285). Haydn's Minuets played by the Waite. Neapolitan and Roman Pastorals adopted by Händel in the Messiah. Corelli's Pastorale. Mendelssohn (1), Haydn's Seasons, Auber (1), Meyerbeer (1), Mozart (2), Beethoven (3), Rural and Rustic, Rossini (2).

No. 4. May 7th.—*Dramatic and Characteristic Music*.—Illustra-

tions. National Anthems (2). Harmonious Blacksmith, a French Song, 1532 (1). Haydn's Surprise and other Symphonies (2). The Moonlight Sonata by Beethoven (Introduction). Picture Music in Deborah, Judas Maccabeus, Il Penseroso, etc. Descriptive and Imitative Music, Freischütz, L'Allegro, etc. Imagination and Fancy. Duets in Freischütz, and La Gazza Ladra. Opposite sentiments expressed together in music. Trio and Grand Finale in Spohr's Zemir and Azor.

No. 5. May 14th.—*Dramatic Music, Vague, Supernatural, Faery, and Descriptive*. Illustrations from Gluck's Iphigenia in Tauris. Ghost scenes in Don Juan. Witch's scene in Faust. Invisible Spirits and Incantation scene in Freischütz: Invocation, Symphony, Chorus, and Song, in Robert le Diable. Faery Chorus, and Song of the Mermaid in Oberon. Harold and Meyerbeer (2), Chorus of Skaters, etc.

No. 6. May 21st.—Analysis of Scenes in Guillaume Tell, Pastoral, Imitative, Descriptive, Local, National, Sacred, and Characteristic. Introduction. Ranz des Vaches. Chorus and Sestetto. Rural Symphony of Peasantry coming to the Fête. Prayer. Waltz and Chorus. Hunter's Chorus. The Curfew. Romance. The couleux local explained of the Music of the Canton of Unterwald, Schweiz, and Uri. The Oath, Storm, and Prayer of Tell's Mother, and Chorus of Peasantry. Finale. Liberty.

The principal vocalists were Miss E. Birch, Miss Lascelles, Mr. D. King, Mr. Howe, and Mr. Smithson, with a semi-chorus of ten ladies and gentlemen from the Royal Italian Opera. Accompanyist at the piano, Mr. Kiallmark. The lectures began each night at seven o'clock.

They were eminently successful, and the theatre was crowded nightly. Mr. Ella speaks well, and with confidence. How he can write, when music is the subject, it is unnecessary for us to add. There is a probability of the lectures being repeated in the West End, and a probability of their being printed; but these are only probabilities.

MISS MESSENT invited her friends to a morning performance of vocal and instrumental music, at her residence in Hindestreet, on Saturday last. She was assisted by Misses Huddart and Elster, Mad. F. Lablache, Messrs. Alfred Pierre, John Messent, vocalists; and Mr. Brinley Richards (piano), and M. Kettonus (violin), instrumentalists. Among the features of the concert were, the song of "Fairy Land," the composition of Mrs. Maberly, admirably sung by Miss Messent, and Mr. Brinley Richards' solos on the pianoforte, which were performed in his best manner.

ST. MARTIN'S HALL.—A grand performance of Mr. Henry Leslie's oratorio, *Immanuel*, in aid of the funds of the Home for Distressed Gentlewomen, was given on Wednesday evening, under the direction of the composer. The soloists were Madame Clara Novello, Miss Dolby, Miss Amy Dolby, Messrs. Sims Reeves, Herbert, and Weiss. The orchestra comprised the principal performers of the band and chorus of the Royal Italian Opera and the Philharmonic Societies, assisted by members of the Sacred Harmonic Society. The hall was crowded, and the performance evidently successful.

NEW BEETHOVEN ROOMS.—Mr. H. C. Cooper's series of three *soirées* were brought to a termination on Wednesday. The vocalists were Miss Milner and Mr. Herbert; the instrumentalists, Miss Emma Busby, Mr. Sterndale Bennett, Mr. Cooper, Herr Kreutzer, Mr. Webb, and Mr. Lucas. Four quartets were performed—Haydn's in G, No. 81; Mozart's in D, No. 7, and in G minor, for piano, violin, viola, and violoncello; and J. L. Egerton's in B flat, No. 1, Op. 122. Mozart's two divided the applause. In the pianoforte quartet the executants were Messrs. Bennett, Cooper, Webb, and Lucas. The performance was irreproachable. Equally good was the execution of the No. 7 in D, in which Mr. Cooper held the first violin. The *Allegretto* was applauded by the whole room. Beethoven's trio for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, was also played by Miss Emma Busby, Mr. Cooper, and Mr. Lucas; and Mr. Sterndale Bennett introduced a very interesting solo of his own composition. Miss Milner sang "Bid me discourse" very nicely, but was less effective in "Robert, toi que j'aime." This young lady should adhere, for the present, to the English school. Such talent as hers should not be misapplied. The room was tolerably full.

## MUSIC IN DUBLIN.

(From a Correspondent.)

Now that the curtain has fallen on Italian Opera in Dublin, and our *fanatici* have enjoyed a series of operatic treats rarely attainable out of London, some breathing time is afforded us, after the whirl of excitement. We may now recall the witching strains, which, flowing from the lips of Alboni, held thousands enraptured, and compare notes with our musical friends as to the merits of the various members of the operatic corps. It has been said that our most agreeable sensations are derived from the memory of pleasures past. This is more especially the case where music is concerned. Who that has heard Alboni in *Cenerentola*, does not recall with vivid delight the thrilling tones of her glorious voice in "Non più mesta?" Who, that heard her sing the *Brindisi* at Saturday's concert, was not reminded of her triumphs in Dublin six years ago, both in opera and concert. Her benefit on Saturday evinced, so far as numbers and enthusiastic admiration could go, the desire of the public to assure the peerless *contralto* of their high appreciation of her genius. Such, indeed, is Alboni's reception wherever she performs, in England or on the Continent. No greater fame than hers has been achieved by any *prima donna* of our day. With regard to Alboni's performance as the heroine of *La Sonnambula*, we have no hesitation in saying that her figure does not suit the *soprano* sentimentality of the village maiden, whilst her swelling and magnificent voice seems constrained by the plaintive character of Bellini's music. In those passages of the opera, however, indicative of joy and exhilaration, she is superb. Her "Care compagne," in the first act, was beautiful; and in the *finale*, where Amina, "awaking from fitful slumber," finds herself restored to honour and to love, and bursts forth with the rapturous "Oh, gioia," and the heart-stirring "Ah non giunge," Alboni's unequalled voice rang through the house in gushes of brilliant sound. The applause was tremendous, and the scene, when the fair vocalist was called forth again, was still more exciting. The occupants of the box circles stood up to applaud, kerchiefs waved, bouquets were flung at her feet, and she retired, bearing with her the tokens of the homage paid to genius by as brilliant an audience as ever graced the interior of our national theatre. Alboni has been effectively supported. Herr Reichardt, the tenor, has made a decided hit. His sweet, flexible, and perfectly attuned voice, managed with consummate skill, has told admirably in the various operas, in none of which he succeeded better than in *Sonnambula* as Elvino. Signor Lorenzo, a baritone, has obtained a fair share of public approval. There is a certain dash and a nonchalance in his acting well suited to the Figaros and Dandinis. Madlle. Jenny Bauer was most effective in the concerted pieces. Her Lucia was happy, and well appreciated. Signor Susini was strong in the *basso* parts. The chorus and orchestra, led by Levey and conducted by Signor Li Calsi, were never in better order, and nothing was wanting to ensure the success which, we are happy to say, has attended the speculation. The concert at the Rotunda on Saturday may be numbered amongst the most brilliant of the season. Alboni and the operatic corps appeared before an audience thronged to suffocation, and comprising a splendid array of the families of our nobility and gentry.

Herr Ernst, the justly renowned and unrivalled violinist, contributed *morceaux* of delicious music between the acts on each opera evening. He was present, and performed also at the concert. Nothing could equal the *empressement* with which Alboni was received. Her execution of Rode's air, with variations, in the first part, and the *Brindisi* in the second, was hailed with peals of applause. Herr Reichardt sang one or two *arias*, very sweetly, and was rewarded by unanimous plaudits.—The *tarantella* by Signor Lorenzo, and a ballad in English, by Madlle. Jenny Bauer, were also well received. We should notice, also, a song from *Don Giovanni* by Signor Susini, which was deservedly encored. Herr Ernst was more than usually liberal in his contributions to the attraction of the concert. He gave the *Elegie*, a plaintive and exquisite *adagio* of his own composition, a sonata from Beethoven, with Sig. Li Calsi, and a magnificent *fantasia* on Hungarian airs. We need hardly say

he was repeatedly encored and cheered to the echo. The concert concluded with the laughing chorus, "Vadasi vi di qua," by Alboni and the full strength of the corps. Thus concluded a series of musical treats which may be considered almost without parallel in Dublin.

## PROVINCIAL.

MANCHESTER.—(From our own Correspondent.)—Mr. Charles Hallé, in the name of the "Classical Chamber Music Society," gave a "Pianoforte Recital," in the Town Hall, King Street, on the 24th instant. The following was the programme:

PART I.—Grand Sonata (in A flat, Op. 49), Weber; Fantaisie Chromatique (D minor), Fugue (A minor), S. Bach; Variations (in A), Mozart.

PART II.—Grand Sonata (in C, Op. 53), Beethoven; Barcarolle (in F sharp, Op. 66), Chopin; Two Songs without Words (No. 2, book 3—No. 6, book 6), Mendelssohn; Scènes Carnavalesques (Préambule, Pierrot, Arlequin, Coquette, Pantalón et Colombine, Promenade, Finale ('Kehraus'), Schumann).

The hall was never so full at any of Mr. Hallé's former concerts. The great pianist, whose sick finger is quite recovered, was cordially received. The "poor tuner," too, who met with an accident in moving the piano at the last concert, was at his post again. M. Hallé played four times out of the seven (including the sonatas) entirely from memory, and never played more splendidly. After two of Mendelssohn's Songs without Words, he was unanimously recalled, and gave a third (in A, from Book 5). The *Scènes Carnavalesques* sent away the audience in good humour. All the pianists in Manchester of any note were present—Mad. Szczepanowski, Herr Unger, M. Hecht, Mr. J. Thorne Harris, etc., etc.

A concert was given on Wednesday week at the Concert Hall, at which the *Alboni-Ernest* party appeared with great success.

IBID.—The annual meeting of the members of the Bury Athenæum Choral Society was held in the large lecture-hall of the Athenæum, on Monday evening last, on which occasion they, with a number of the directors and friends of the institution, took tea together. The services rendered by Mr. D. W. Banks, as conductor of the society, being gratuitous, the choir committee thought the annual meeting would be the most suitable time for giving evidence that his efforts were appreciated. Mr. J. R. Kay, of Bass Lane House, president of the institution, concluded a long address about the society and its progress, by proposing "Prosperity to the Bury Athenæum Choral Society, and health and long life to Mr. Banks." The Chairman addressed himself to Mr. Banks, and said it gave him great pleasure to have the duty to perform which had fallen to his lot that evening, that of presenting him, in the name of the Bury Athenæum Choral Society, and the friends of the institution, a timepiece and a purse containing twenty-five sovereigns. The presentation was not made as an equivalent for his services, but as a small testimonial to the manner in which they had been appreciated.—The timepiece was surmounted by two allegorical figures, and bore the following inscription:—

"Presented, with a purse of twenty-five sovereigns, to D. W. Banks, as a small token of respect for his long, efficient, and gratuitous services as conductor of the Bury Athenæum Choir."

Mr. Banks, who was received with great enthusiasm, said he felt much difficulty in expressing his feelings, but was happy to find that his services amongst them had been acceptable. He hoped to see the number of members in the choral society greatly increased, that it might keep pace with the increasing population of the town. He thanked the meeting for the valuable testimonial which had been presented, and he hoped it would have the effect of spurring him on to greater diligence. It would be difficult to look upon the scene presented on this occasion without impressions of a most agreeable character. Thirty years ago, large numbers of the well-meaning considered music as something to be avoided. Those who could sing a song were generally aspirants for fame at the "Bar." Here, however, were a number of young people who, under proper training, had learned to



respect an art from which they had derived so much pleasure, and in the cultivation of which they had learned to respect themselves. Such an association, bringing its members into relation with individuals in a higher sphere of life, must have a beneficial influence in an institution like the Athenæum.—*Manchester Examiner and Times.*

**LEIPZIG.**—The Glee and Choral Society gave, on Tuesday evening, a selection from the works of Sir H. R. Bishop, in the Mechanics' Institution. The concert very appropriately commenced with Händel's *Dead March in Saul*, and was followed by an elegy in memory of the late Sir H. R. Bishop, composed expressly for the occasion, by Mr. E. J. Loder, to words written by Mr. J. B. Rogerson. The solo was executed by Mrs. Brooke, in her usual able manner; and the quartet, quite a gem in its way, was very well given. The chorus would have been better with a little more rehearsal, but it was good enough to give an idea of the merits of the composition. The applause which followed must have been highly gratifying to the composer, who was present. The next piece was Bishop's "Bright orb," the *solis* by Miss Shaw, Mrs. Brooke, and Mr. Slater; after this the glee, "When wearied wretches sink to sleep," sung by Mrs. Tomkins, Mrs. Brooke, Mr. Slater, Mr. Craig; and then the serenade, "Sleep, gentle lady," by the full choir, without accompaniment. The next piece was "Mad Margery," from *The Maniac*, so well sung by Mrs. Brooke as to command an encore, a compliment which "Oh! bold Robin Hood" (solo by Mr. Slater), and the duet "My pretty page, look out afar," sung by Mrs. Tomkins and Mrs. Brooke, also obtained. The first part concluded with "Vengeance we swear," the *solis* by Miss Shaw, Mrs. Cooper, and Mrs. Brooke. The second part commenced with "Is it the tempest that we hear?" *solis* by Miss Shaw, Mrs. Brooke, Messrs. Slater and Craig. Mrs. Tomkins was encored in "Bid me discourse;" and Miss Shaw, Mrs. Brooke, Messrs. Slater, Livesey, and Brooke, were very successful in "Blow, gentle gales." Miss Shaw was compelled to repeat "Tell me, my heart," and Mrs. Brooke deserves great commendation for the style in which she sang the solos in "God of air," and the song, "Sons of freedom, hear my story." Another encore was accorded to the quintet, "The fox jumped over the parson's gate;" in which Mr. Holt, as Dominie Samson, was excellent. Another opera selection, "Now tramp," the solo by Miss Shaw, concluded the entertainment, which presented a fair selection from the works of one of the first of our English dramatic composers, who will ever live as the author of compositions which are masterpieces in the department to which they belong. The manner in which the various pieces were executed merits unqualified approval; a more perfect performance of the works of Bishop has not been heard in this city. To Mr. Harris, as conductor, we must accord our thanks and compliments. Mr. Joseph Thorne Harris played those accompaniments which were allotted to the organ, in masterly style. Mr. Harris undertook the pianoforte accompaniments to the solos and quartets, besides officiating as conductor in a manner which left nothing to be desired.

**DUDLEY.**—Mr. John Cheshire, the talented harpist, gave a concert here on the 19th. The audience, though not numerous, were enthusiastic. The vocalists were Mrs. Bull, Mrs. John Hayward (late Miss Wight), Mr. Mason, and Mr. Thomas. Mrs. Bull sang Burgmüller's "Che godere," a manuscript song by Mr. Cheshire, with harp accompaniment, and another manuscript song by Mr. J. A. Baker, in a very artistic manner. Mrs. Hayward was encored in a ballad. Mr. Mason gave Wallace's "There is a flower." Mr. Thomas sang the "Wanderer," and "Largo al factotum." Mr. George Hart, a pupil of M. Sainton, was encored in two violin solos. Though young, he has attained great mastery over the instrument, and will, no doubt, one day rank among our first violinists. The concert was conducted by Mr. J. A. Baker, from Birmingham.

**DERBY.**—A concert was given here on Friday evening, the 25th ult., by Mr. Nicholson, assisted by the private band of the Duke of Rutland, and by Miss Poyzer (vocalist), a *débutante* of promise. The concert was under distinguished patronage, and gave unqualified satisfaction to a crowded audience.

## LEIPZIG.

(From our own Correspondent.)

OUR Gewandhaus concerts are over; the quartet *soirées* are at an end; and the Stadt Theatre is to be closed on the 1st of June for three months. The closing of the theatre is a fact hitherto unprecedented, and creates no little sensation. Not only the artists, whose salary will be suspended, but the public are evidently discontented. Of late we have had no lack of operas, and even *Tannhäuser* has been given twice, to the no small satisfaction of the Wagnerians. But the performance was not very successful, partly owing to the *Tannhäuser* (Herr Eppie) and the Elizabeth (Mdlle. Uhrlaub)—both from Hamburg, and both very bad—and partly from want of rehearsals.

Herr Mitterwürtzer, from Dresden, has been performing here with success, and was greatly admired as Hans Heiling, in Marschner's opera of that name. Mdlle. Tiejens, from Vienna, has appeared in *Oberon*, *Die Hugenotten*, and other operas. She is a great favourite. Herr Beck, from Vienna, has also been very successful in Kreutzer's opera *Das Nachtlager in Granada*, which has drawn crowded houses. He is the best barytone in Germany. The new opera, *Der Erbe von Hohenegk*, music by Hauser, was produced on the 18th inst. to a full house in aid of the "Theater Pensions-Fonds." The libretto, by Herr Emile Devrient, contains nothing interesting or new.

On Thursday, the 17th inst., Liszt came here and conducted his new mass, at the Catholic Church, for four men's voices, with organ accompaniment. I am happy to be able to inform you that Robert Schumann is in a fair way of recovery from his long and severe illness. The last accounts we heard of him were that he has again begun to read and write, and play the piano. He is very fond of playing duets with friends. His memory does not seem impaired by sickness, and strong hopes are now entertained of his speedy restoration to health.

The remains of Mad. Sontag arrived at their last resting-place, Marienthal, on the 3rd of May. The benediction took place at three o'clock, and she was laid in the tomb of the Michaelskappelle.

Miss Lydia Thompson, the English dancer, has met with great success at Dresden.

**ITALY.**—On the 13th of May, the theatres of Naples again re-opened their doors to the public. At the Fondo we had Verdi's *Violetta*, alias *La Traviata*, previously played at San Carlo during the winter season, and with about the same success. The parts were filled by Mad. Beltramelli, Signori Monjini and Olivari. The orchestra was good. It is somewhat extraordinary that the Teatro Nuovo should be opened with the same opera. The singers here were Mad. Cappelli, Signori Villani and Rossini.—The composer, Mercadante, has arrived at Bari, to superintend the rehearsal of his operas, *Gli Orati ed i Curiali*, and *Il Guiramento* and *La Vestale*.—At Milan, La Scala is now open, but to a "beggarly account of empty boxes." No new opera is announced, at least for the present; and *ILombardi* drags its slow length along, night after night. Our accounts date up to the 12th instant; the *Profeta*, of Meyerbeer, was in rehearsal, and much is expected—not from the singers, who, as we have already said, are below mediocrity—but from the *spectacle* which is announced as magnificent. This opera has already been two months in rehearsal—for Italy, an unheard of circumstance. At the Carcano, *Il Trovatore* has drawn good houses. The Italians frequent this Theatre, which may account for the success of Verdi's new opera, while not one native sets foot in La Scala. *Il Templario* has met with considerable favour at this house.—At Trieste the composer F. C. Lickl has produced a new work, entitled *Il Trionfo del Cristianismo*, which at once arrested public attention. Three pieces were encored, and the composer was several times recalled during the performance. Signor Lickl was presented by the orchestra with a silver *bâton*, after the performance.—There must indeed be a sad scarcity of musical talent at Naples when the three principal theatres are producing at the same time and on the same nights Sig. Verdi's *Violetta*—at the San Carlo, the Fondo, and the Nuovo. Report speaks favourably of a new tenor, Signor Monjini, who is des-

cribed as being possessed of a fine voice, although he is reproached with the defect, common to all the *débütantes* of the present time in Italy, viz.: bad execution and deficiency in stage practice. We find mention made, in the *Giornale di Roma*, of a new *Miserere* composed by the Abbé Mustapha. It is for five voices, with a chorus; the whole body of the pontifical singers took part in the chorus, so that the execution was as near perfection as possible. The composer has aimed at the highest order of church music, and he seems to have succeeded in exciting the enthusiasm of all present. At Milan, the last concert of the Society of Artists took place on the 29th inst., when the programme consisted of Haydn's Quartet No. 26, Onslow's Quartet in D major, and Beethoven's Quartet in F major (Op. 18).

COLOGNE.—(From our own correspondent.)—The *Manner-gesangverein* gave their last concert of the season on the 15th April. The whole of the first part was occupied by *Rinaldo*, a cantata for solo, quartet, chorus, and orchestra, composed by Herr Max Bruch, a pupil of Ferdinand Hiller, and who for the last three years has held the Mozart Scholarship in Frankfurt. This was performed for the first time; and in the absence of an orchestra, the accompaniment, arranged for two pianofortes was played by the composer and Herr Breunung. *Rinaldo* is a composition of considerable freshness. It would be well if the society would study a few more such compositions, instead of overwhelming us with *Steindchen* and *Volkslieder*. The second part was made up entirely of such insipidities, excepting a violin solo, by Herr M. Pixis (Variations of Vieuxtemps) and Mendelssohn's "Liebe und Wein," compared to which all the others were as "water to wine." The thirty seceders, with the addition of some others, have formed a new Society (*Sängerbund*), under the direction of Herr Küpper.

At the last *soirée* for chamber-music, besides Mendelssohn's quintet in B flat, and Beethoven's quartet in E flat, Op. 74, a trio for violin, pianoforte, and violoncello, by W. Niels Gade, Op. 29, was introduced. It is entitled *Novelletten*, and consists of five distinct pieces, good enough to atone for the affectation of the title. Hiller played a sonata of his own—a masterly composition. Carl Reinthaler's oratorio, *Jephthah und seine Tochter* (MS.) was performed for the first time complete in Elberfeld, under the direction of the composer, on the 5th April. The Elberfelders have good reason to be proud of being the first to undertake the production of a work which proves to be one of unusual merit, and great credit is due to them for the satisfactory manner in which it was given, and to their music-director, Herr Schornstein, who had taken great pains with the rehearsals.

Herr Reinthaler is the son of a Protestant clergyman, and was himself intended for the ministry, but Heaven seems to have willed that he shall edify the people by his music rather than by his preaching, and surely a man who writes a good oratorio of a really sacred tendency, does as much for the edification of the people, as one who preaches his weekly sermon. The oratorio contains many beauties, the choruses especially: the whole is cleverly instrumented. The composer conducted with energy, and at the conclusion, amid the plaudits of the audience, the blowing of trumpets and the beating of drums, was crowned by "fair hands."

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

**MISS BLANCHE CAPILL**—(Voice, Contralto), Professor of Music and Singing, 47, Alfred-street, River-terrace, Islington, where letters respecting pupils or engagements may be addressed.

**MR. AND MADAME R. SIDNEY PRATTEN**, Professors of the Flute, Guitar, and Concertina, 131a, Oxford-street. Where their Concertina Classes are held, and where all their compositions may be had at the above instruments.

**SIGNOR MARCHESI**, 1<sup>mo</sup>. Baritone of the Imperial Theatre, Vienna, has just arrived in London. All communications respecting engagements, &c., to be addressed to Cramer, Beale, and Co., 201, Regent-street.

**MISS MESSENT and MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS'** CONCERT will take place at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Friday Evening, June 8, when they will be assisted by Mad. Clara Novello, the Misses Macalpine, and Miss Dolby; Herr Reichardt, Mr. Bodda, Mr. John Thomas (Harp), Herr Deichmann, and Signor Bottesini, Conductors—Mr. Frank Mori and Herr Ganz. Miss Dolby will sing some new compositions by Mr. Brinley Richards. Miss Messent and Miss Dolby will sing for the first time the dust, "Two Wandering Stars." Mr. Brinley Richards will play some of Mendelssohn's works, and some of his own new compositions for the Pianoforte. Single Tickets, 7s. 6d.; Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d.; at the Music-sellers, and of Miss Messent, 6, Hindustan-street, Manchester-square; and of Mr. Brinley Richards, 4, Torrington-street, Russell-square.

**M<sup>lle</sup>. FANNY CORNET** begs to announce that her CONCERT will take place on Monday Evening, the 11th of June, at the Réunion des Arts, 76, Harley-street, when she will be assisted by the following eminent Artists:—Mad. Bockholtz-Falconi, Emilie Krull, Herren Fornes, Reichardt, Ernst, Deichmann, Schloesser, and Mr. Schilke.—Conductors: Herren Schloesser and W. Ganz.—Tickets, 10s. 6d. each, to be had at M<sup>lle</sup>. Cornet's residence, 115, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury.

**M<sup>lle</sup>. HERMANN** begs to announce her **SOIRÉE MUSICALE** at the RE-UNION DES ARTS, 76, Harley-street, on Monday evening, June 4, at Half-past Eight. Tickets may be had of Cramer and Co., and Addison and Hollier, Regent-street; and of M<sup>lle</sup>. Hermann, 1, Hanover-place, Regent's-park.

**MR. AGUILAR** respectfully announces that he will give a **MATINEE MUSICALE** at Willis's Rooms, on Thursday, June 14th, to commence at Three precisely, under the distinguished patronage of The Most Noble the Marchioness of Hastings, The Right Honourable the Countess of Uxbridge, The Right Honourable the Lady Caroline Ricketts, The Right Honourable the Viscountess Combermere, The Viscountess Maidstone, The Right Honourable the Lady Harriet Elliott, The Baroness Mayer de Rothschild, Lady Montefiore; and assisted by Madame Anna Bockholtz-Falconi, Madame Ferrari; Mr. Miranda, Signor Ferrari, and Signor Clabatta; Herr Ernst, Signor Fatti, Mr. R. S. Pratten, and Mr. F. Mori. Reserved seats, 15s.; single tickets, 10s. 6d., to be had of Mr. Aguilar, 68, Upper Norton-street, and at all the principal music-publishers.

**NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY, Exeter Hall.**—Wednesday, June 18, the FIFTH GRAND PERFORMANCE will take place, under the immediate Patronage of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen and the rest of the Royal Family, in AID of the FUNDS of the GERMAN HOSPITAL, Dalston. Programme—Symphony in G major, Mozart; Pianoforte Concerto in E flat, Beethoven; a Dramatic Symphony, entitled "Roméo and Juliet," Berlioz; Overture (Il Flauto Magico), Mozart. Vocalists—Madame and Monsieur Gasnier. Pianoforte—Madame Oury. Chorus of 300 voices. Conductor—M. Berlioz. Stalls in the centre area, £1 1s.; reserved seats, 10s. 6d.; unreserved seats in the west gallery, 6s.; western area, 2s. 6d., to be had at Messrs. Cramer, Beale, and Co.'s; Mr. Mitchell's, Royal Library, 53, Old Bond-street; and Messrs. Keith, Prowse, and Co.'s, 48, Cheapside.

**THE LONDON ORCHESTRA.**—Conductor, Mr. FRANK MORI; Leader, Mr. THIRLWALL. Including Messrs. Barret, Lazarus, Baumann, Clinton, Lovell Phillips, Prospero, Mount, Mann, Cloff, Zeiss, Volbeque, Naudaud, Chipp, &c. For terms apply to Mr. A. Guest, 1, Kingston Russell-square, Oakley-square, Camden-town, or Messrs. Cramer, Beale, and Co., 201, Regent-street.

**MR. AND MRS. ALFRED GILBERT, AND MISS COLE** announce their second performance of Classical Music, to take place at Willis's Rooms, on Monday evening, June 4th, at half past eight o'clock. Single Tickets, 10s. 6d., Triple Tickets one guinea each, to be obtained of Mr. Alfred Gilbert, 13, Berners-street, Oxford-street.

**TUNER WANTED.**—A thoroughly good Pianoforte Tuner, who can also regulate, may hear of an engagement by applying to Cramer, Beale, and Co., 201, Regent-street, London.

**ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.**—Under the immediate patronage of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, His Royal Highness Prince Albert, Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Gloucester, Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cambridge. Mr. Benedict begs respectfully to announce that his **ANNUAL GRAND MORNING CONCERT** will take place on Friday, June 18th, 1865, at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, to be supported by the eminent artists and the Band and Chorus of that great Lyrical establishment. Further details will be duly announced. Applications for boxes, stalls, and places, to be had at the box-office of the theatre, the principal librarians and music publishers, or of Mr. Benedict, 2, Manchester-square.

**HERR WILHELM GANZ** has the honour to announce that his Grand Morning Concert will take place at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Thursday, June 14th, under the most distinguished patronage. To commence at Three o'clock precisely. Vocalists—M<sup>lle</sup>. Jenny Bauer, Miss Mesent, M<sup>lle</sup>. Cornet, Miss Lascelles, Madame Mortier de Fontaine; Herr Reichardt, Mr. Pierre, Mr. Hamilton Braham, and Signor Lorenzo. Instrumentalists—Pianoforte, Herr Wilhelm Ganz; Violin, Herr Ernst, and the brothers A. and H. Holmes; Tenor, Herr Gottfried; Violoncello, Mons. Pague; Concertina, Mr. Richard Blagrove. Conductors, Mr. Charles Blagrove and Herr Wilhelm Ganz. Stalls, Half-a-Guinea; Tickets, 7s. 6d.; to be obtained at Mitchell's Royal Library, Cramer and Beale's, G. Lonsdale, R. W. Olivier, Schott, and of Herr Wilhelm Ganz, 50, Frith-street, Soho-square.



**THE MISSES McALPINE** have the honour to announce their Concert will take place at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Tuesday evening, June 13th, under the immediate patronage of Her Grace the Duchess of Somerset, The Most Noble the Marchioness of Abercorn, The Right Honourable The Countess of Harrowby, The Right Honourable The Viscountess Ebrington, Lady Rose Greville, Lady Elizabeth Dawson, Lady Grace Vandeleur, Lady James Stuart; on which occasion they will be assisted by Madame Anna Thillon, Miss Messent, Mdle. Cora, the Misses McAlpine; Mr. Miranda, Mr. Tennant, and Signor Ciabatta; Mr. Brinsley Richards, Mr. Frederick Chatterton, Herr Dreihmann, Mr. Distin, sen. Conductors—Signor Schira, Mr. C. Blagrove, and Herr W. Gans.

**MDLLE. ANNIE DE LARA'S** Grand Evening Concert will take place on Tuesday next, the 5th instant, under royal and distinguished patronage. Vocalists, Miss Messent, Miss Grace Alleyne, Miss Lascelles, Mdle. Annie de Lara, Miss Rebecca Isaacs, etc.; Herr Reichardt, Mr. Alfred Pierre, Signor Onorati, and Mr. Frank Boddia. Instrumentalists, Mr. Aguilar, Mr. Vietti Collins, and Mr. Richard Blagrove. Conductors, Signor Pilotti, Signor Operi, Herr Wilhelm Gans, and Mr. Maurice Davies. A few reserved stalls only to be had, at Mdle. de Lara's residence, 14, Torrington-square.

**MRS. JOHN MACFARREN** begs to announce, that her SECOND MATINEE OF PIANOFORTE MUSIC will take place on Saturday, June 16th, to commence at Three o'clock and terminate at Five. When she will be assisted by Mr. W. Stenndale Bennett, Herr Ernst, Mdle. Jenny Bauer, Miss Stabach, Mr. Weiss, and other eminent artists. The vocal music accompanied by Mr. Walter Macfarren. Herd's Pianofortes will be used. Tickets 7s. each, to be obtained at Ebers' Library, 27, Old Bond-street, and of Mrs. John Macfarren, 40, Stanhope-street, Gloucester Gate, Regent's Park.

**MESSRS. H. and R. BLAGROVE'S** GRAND ORCHESTRAL CONCERT, at Hanover-square Rooms, Monday evening next, at half-past 8 o'clock. Vocalists—Miss Dolly and Mr. Sims Reeves. Mr. H. Blagrove will perform Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, Le Tremolo de Berlioz, and in his new duet with Mr. Richard Blagrove, who will also perform on the concertina May-seder's 1st Morceau de Concert, and his Fantasia on the Prophète and Huguenots. Conductor—Herr Molique. Tickets, 8s. each. Reserved Seats, 5s. A limited number of stalls in good situations, 7s. each, to be had only of Mr. W. Blagrove, 71, Mortimer-street.

**MDME. BASSANO and HERR WILHELM KUHE'S** ANNUAL GRAND MORNING CONCERT will take place at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Monday, June 11th, to commence at 2 o'clock; when they will be assisted by the following eminent artists:—Mesdames Clara Novello, Gassier, Weiss, Stabach, Theresa Bassano, Krall, and Madame Bassano. Messrs. Reichardt, Fornes, Weiss, Gassier, Ernst, Paque, John Thomas, and Wilhelm Kuhe. Conductors—Goldnick, Francesco Berger, Schmeier, and Kuhe. Tickets, 10s. 6d.; stalls, 15s. To be had at all the principal Music-sellers; of Madame Bassano, 24, Clifton-road, St. John's-wood; and Herr Kuhe, 70, Margaret-street, Cavendish-square.

**THE CHEAPEST CONCERTINA.**—Messrs. BOOSEY and Sons beg to state that Case's Four-Guinea Concertina is sold at a trifle above the cost price, for the express purpose of superseding the worthless instrument called the German Concertina, which, from having but half the proper number of notes, is thoroughly useless in a musical sense. Case's Four-Guinea Concertina has double action and full compass, and is a perfect concert instrument. A Post Office Order for Four Guineas will ensure the delivery of one in any part of England. Case's Concertinas may also be had of every quality and price, from 4s. to 412 12s. each. Instruments exchanged and let on hire. Boosey and Sons' Musical Instrument Warehouse, 28, Holles-street.

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"Principals of, and Assistants in, Boarding and Day Schools; Private Governesses; Lady Professors of Music, Painting, Drawing, Languages, or other particular Branches of Education; Mistresses of National, British, Parochial, Private, or other Schools for the masses—form together one of the most enlightened (in a high sense of the word) influential communities of the age." \* \* \* "Although the Press teems with Periodicals on countless subjects, amongst which that of Popular Education is deservedly conspicuous, still there is not one really independent journal devoted to the interest of Teachers and Education. Every Educational Paper is the organ of some particular Institution or Society, and consequently advocates views more or less partial. We have nothing to say against this; on the contrary, we should be glad to see a periodical exposition of the views of each Educational Party; but what we consider far more essential is a journal available to all—offensive to none." \* \* \* "Devoted exclusively to the interest of Female Teachers and to the subject of Female Education. The Educational Publications of the day are not ostensibly for Male Teachers, but a superficial perusal of any one of them will show that they are really so. Very few Lady Teachers, even of the highest class, feel to any great extent an interest in problems in higher mathematics or abstruse classical disquisitions." \* \* \* "We feel convinced that Education to be real must be religious." \* \* \* "Whilst there are points upon which the majority of good Teachers agree, and others upon which they can agree to differ, there are, unhappily, points which cannot be adverted to without occasioning dissident feelings of an unpleasant nature."

"Religion should extinguish strife,  
And make a balm of human life;  
But friends who chance to differ  
On points which God has left at large,  
How freely will they meet and charge!  
No combatants are stiffer."

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